MOON GIRL

MOON GIRL and The Prince

EC COMIC

NO. 1

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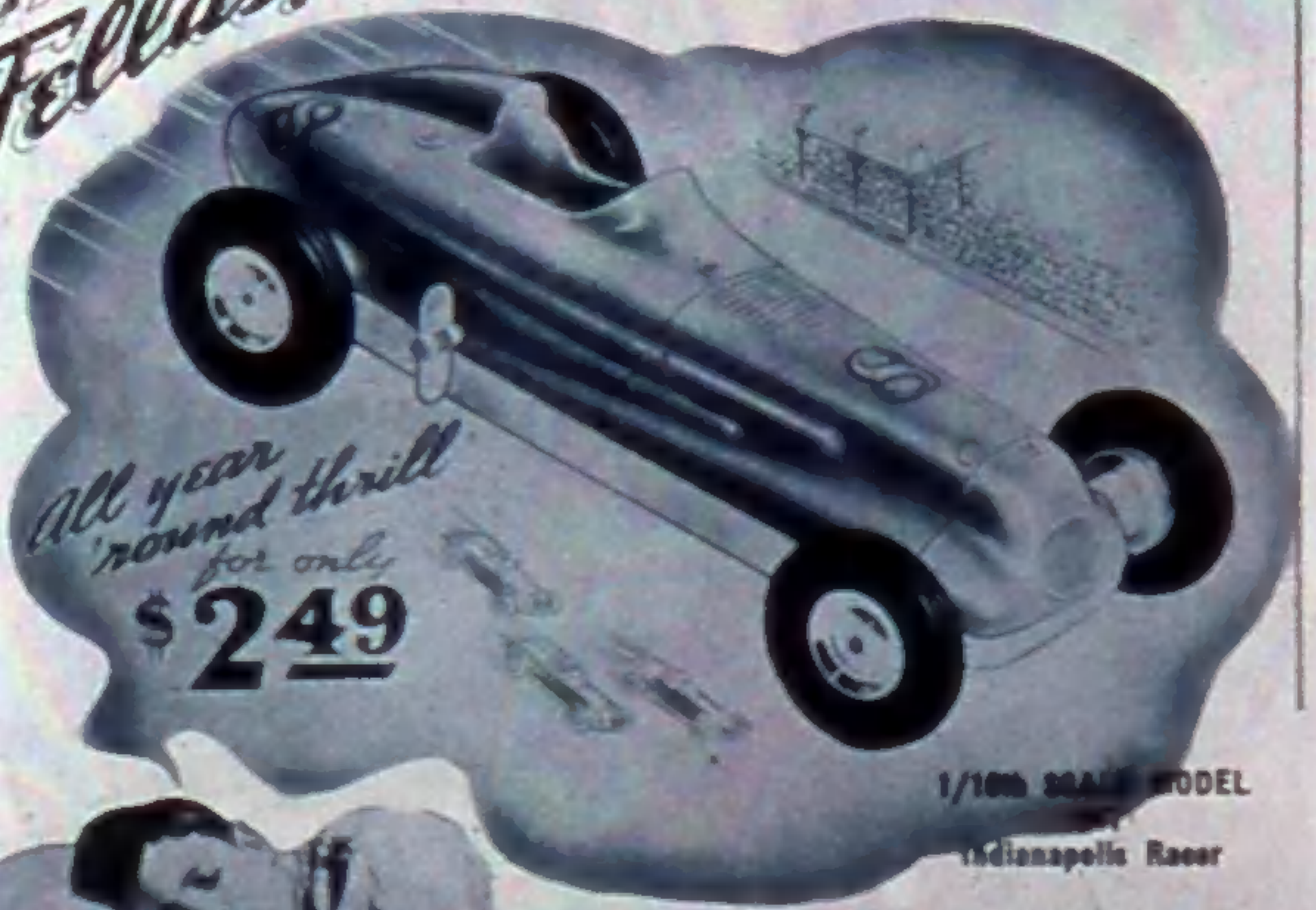
The REX MAYS Racer runs 150-175 feet up to 15 miles per hour.



1/10th SCALE MODEL

Indianapolis Racer

This REX MAYS Racer with its FREE WHEELING Heavy duty Spring Motor Brings You the roaring excitement of the Speed Track!

Here it is—that miniature car you've always wanted. The fastest, smoothest-performing, best-looking car for its size and price you've ever seen. You'll thrill at its power as you watch this sleek, almost a foot long racer speed into high from a standing start. Ask for action . . . Zip! You get it . . . as this mighty, REX MAYS Special hurtles into Free Wheeling, to whirr down the straightaway . . . at up to 15 miles per hour. And talk about unusual features! . . . Count 'em! (1) Colorful, two-tone chip-proof finish. (2) Streamlined molded plastic construction that's virtually unbreakable. (3) Custom-built, live, resilient rubber tires. (4) Precision-machined wheels with realistic looking break drums. (5) Off-set cockpit, flared hood, spare and steering wheel that actually turns. These as well as other outstanding features make the REX MAYS Racer the best car value of the year. Send for your REX MAYS Racer today on our 10 day Money Back guarantee and see for yourself!

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Gentlemen: ☐ Send me the REX MAYS Racer as described. I will pay the postman on arrival only $2.49 plus few cents postage and F.O.D. charges. It is understood that I must be fully satisfied in every way or I may return my Racer within 10 days for refund.

NOTE: If you want to order more than one Racer to take advantage of our Club Plan offer check the following:

☐ 3 Racers for $6.75 ☐ 6 Racers for $11.95

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☐ To save C.O.D. and shipping charges I am enclosing remittance in advance for full amount of the above offer.

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Introducing

MOON GIRL

and The Prince

JUST ONCE IN EVERY SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS THERE APPEARS ON EARTH A MAN AND A WOMAN, WHOSE CHARACTERISTICS ARE SO OUTSTANDING, SO VIRILE, SO BEYOND OUR CONCEPTION THAT THEY ACTUALLY STAGGER OUR IMAGINATIONS!

FIRST, THERE IS ***MOON GIRL*** — A WOMAN OF SENSATIONAL STRENGTH, SUPERHUMAN SPEED AND ENDURANCE AND SURPASSING LOVELINESS. HER MAGIC MOONSTONE GIVES HER THE POWER OF TEN ORDINARY MEN AND GUARDS HER AGAINST ALL HARM.

THEN THERE IS ***PRINCE NEMAN*** ONE OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES OF ALL TIME — A TRUE SON OF HERCULES. NO LIVING MAN OR WOMAN CAN MATCH THE PRINCE'S SUPERLATIVE STRENGTH — EXCEPT ***MOON GIRL***. TO HER ALONE ***PRINCE NEMAN*** MUST CONCEDE MASTERY (WHEN, OF COURSE, SHE USES THE POWER OF HER MAGIC MOONSTONE)

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF SUCH AN OUTSTANDING MAN AND WOMAN WAS DESCRIBED BY MARCO POLO IN HIS ADVENTURES WRITTEN SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO. NOW IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY — IN 1947, IN FACT, SUCH A MAN AND WOMAN APPEAR AGAIN!

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES YOU WILL FIND THE AMAZING STORY OF...

MOON GIRL

& The Prince

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

THEN THE QUEEN RELATED THIS STRANGE TALE.....

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO IN THE REIGN OF KING KAIDU, DURING THE 13TH CENTURY, THE CUSTOM BEGAN. KING KAIDU HAD A DAUGHTER, THE VERY FIRST

PRINCESS OF THE MOONLAND SHE WAS VERY BEAUTIFUL. SHE WAS SO STRONG AND BRAVE THAT IN ALL HER FATHER'S REALM NO MAN COULD OUTDO HER IN FEATS OF STRENGTH. WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR HER TO MARRY, SHE DID NOT WISH TO BE WED TO A MAN WEAKER THAN HERSELF.

SHE REALLY DESIRED A MAN WHOM SHE COULD ADMIRE, WHOSE STRENGTH AND WISDOM WERE GREATER THAN HER OWN.

SO SHE ARRANGED FOR HER FATHER, KING KAIDU, TO ISSUE A PROCLAMATION. SHE CHALLENGED ANY MAN TO THROW HER IN THE WRESTLING RING, AND TO THE VICTOR, SHE WOULD GIVE HERSELF IN MARRIAGE. THIS PROCLAMATION WAS NO SOONER MADE THAN MANY CAME FROM ALL PARTS TO TRY THEIR FORTUNE. BUT ALL WERE DOOMED TO FAILURE. FOR THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU WAS AS STRONG AS SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, AND NO MAN WAS HER EQUAL.

AT LAST THERE CAME A MAN, SO PRINCELY IN HIS BEARING, AS LITHE AS A PANTHER IN HIS STRIDE, THAT THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU WAS SMITTEN WITH HIM. THE YOUNG MAN WAS A MOST AGREEABLE CHOICE IN THE EYES OF KING KAIDU ALSO, FOR HE WAS OF ROYAL BLOOD, AND OWNED MANY HORSES AND OTHER FORMS OF WEALTH.

THE YOUNG MAN LOVED THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU WITH HIS WHOLE HEART. WHEN THEY WALKED TOGETHER IN THE GARDEN, SHE KNEW THAT SHE LOVED HIM ALSO.

BUT HER PRIDE WOULD NOT PERMIT HER TO YIELD TO A MAN LESS STRONG THAN HERSELF. IN SECRET THOUGH SHE YEARNED FOR A MOMENT OF SENSIBLE WEAKNESS, SO THAT HE MIGHT OVERCOME HER. IN THE COMBAT WHICH FOLLOWED HE PROVED STRONGER THAN ANY MAN SHE EVER MET BEFORE. YET, AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE, SHE THREW HIM. AND THE YOUNG MAN, BITTER WITH DESPAIR, RODE AWAY, AND THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU WAS LONELY AND SAD!

SOON AFTERWARD, KING KAIDU WAS INVOLVED IN A SERIES OF DESPERATE BATTLES AGAINST NEIGHBORING CHIEFS. WHEN HE RODE INTO BATTLE, HIS DAUGHTER RODE BESIDE HIM, AND IN BATTLE SHE DISTINGUISHED HERSELF MORE THAN ANY OTHER WARRIOR. IN ONE OF THESE BATTLES SHE SLEW THE EVIL WIZARD KA-ZHAN, AND FROM HIM SHE TOOK THE MAGIC MOONSTONE. IT WAS A TALISMAN THAT MADE HER INVINCIBLE TO HARM. FROM THE DAY SHE WORE THE MOONSTONE HER STRENGTH SEEMED TO MULTIPLY UNTIL, IT WAS SAID, SHE COULD DEFEAT AN ENTIRE ARMY, SINGLEHANDED. BUT SHE WAS UNHAPPY.

MARCO POLO RECORDS THE REST OF THE STORY. MY DAUGHTER, ONE DAY, IN THE FIELD OF BATTLE, THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU ESPIED A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON HORSEBACK, IN THE MIDST OF THE ENEMY TROOPS. DASHING FORWARD ON THE FULL GALLOP, SHE SNATCHED HIM FROM HIS HORSE, AND BROUGHT HIM BACK WITH HER TO HER OWN PEOPLE. SO THE DAUGHTER OF KING KAIDU FOUND HER TRUE LOVE. ONE MAY SUPPOSE SHE ALSO FOUND HAPPINESS. "BUT WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH *ME*?" ASKED THE PRINCESS OF THE MOON.

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

AS THE DAY WANES, THE TESTS OF STRENGTH AND AGILITY GO ON. ONE RECORD AFTER ANOTHER IS BROKEN AS THE HANDSOME PRINCE TESTS HIS FAIR OPPONENT'S SKILL TO THE UTMOST, AND THEN THE TIME FOR THE FINAL TEST IS AT HAND...

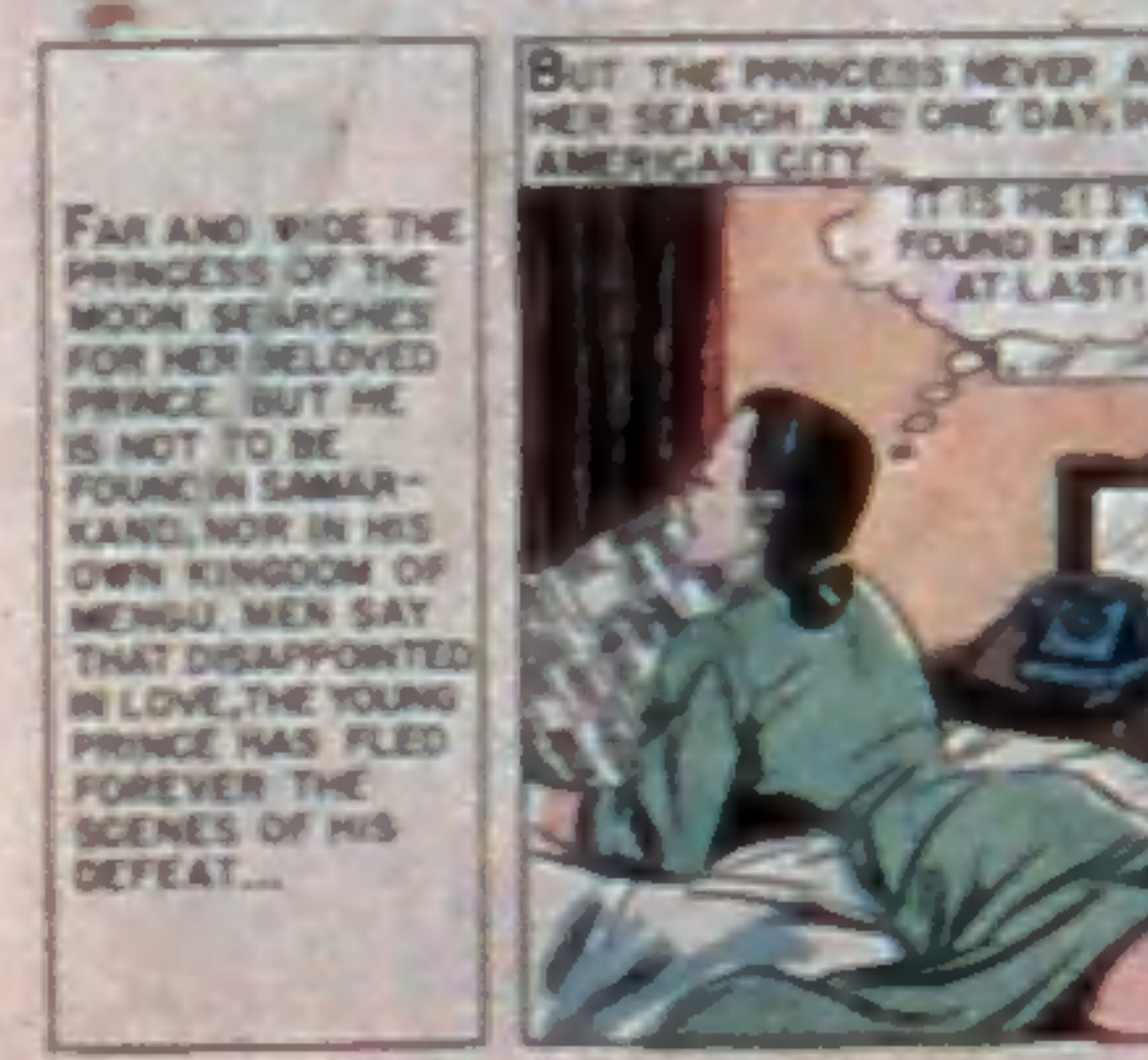
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME MOON GIRL KNOWS DOUBT, AS AN ENCOUNTER REVEALS THE TREMENDOUS POWER OF HER ANTAGONIST...

THE PRINCE SECURES THE FIRST HOLD. QUICKLY HE FORCES THE PRINCESS OF THE MOON TO HER KNEES...

AND AS QUICKLY SHE FREES HERSELF!

EVERY TRICK IN HIS REPERTOIRE THE PRINCE TRIES TWICE. YET HIS BEAUTIFUL OPPONENT STANDS LIKE A ROCK OF GRANITE. AND FINALLY A POWERFUL MANEUVER PINS HIM SECURELY TO THE GROUND.

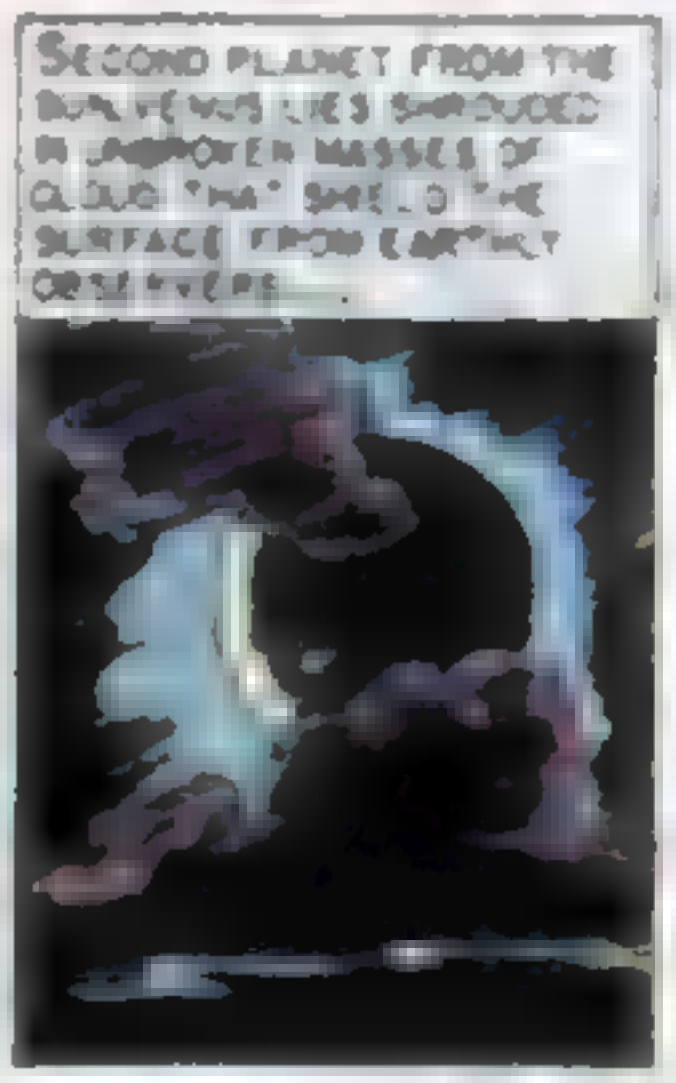
MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

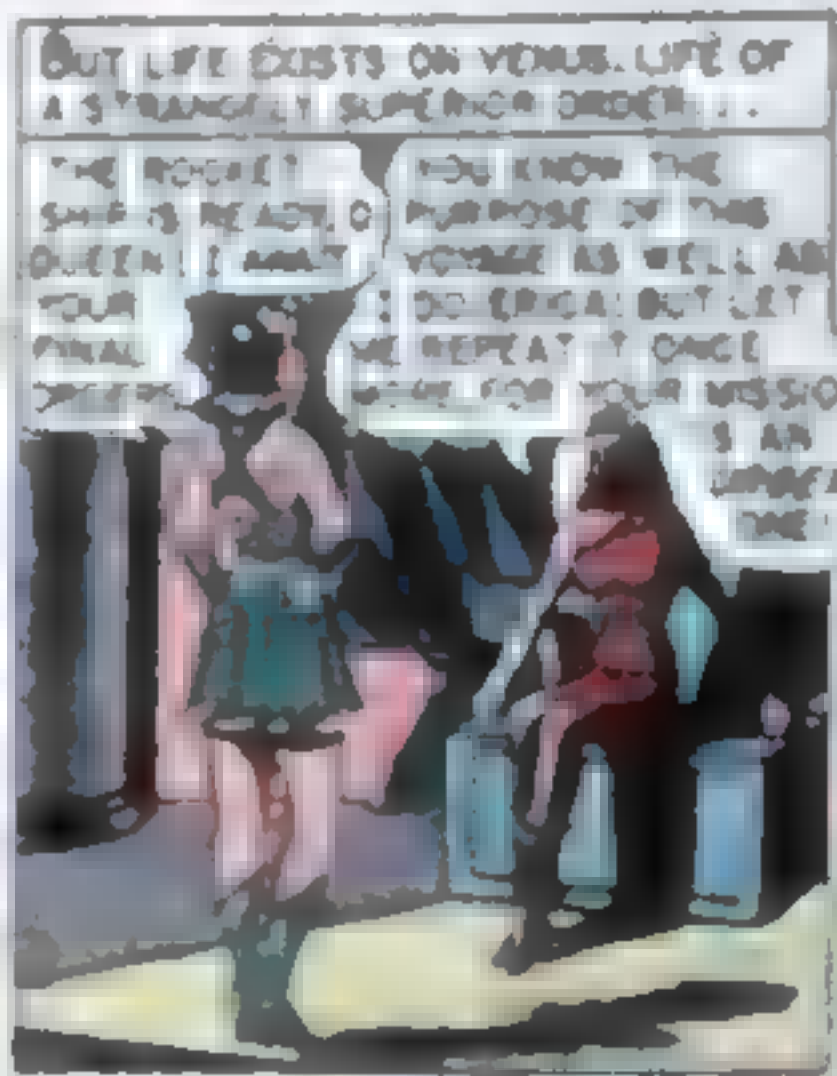


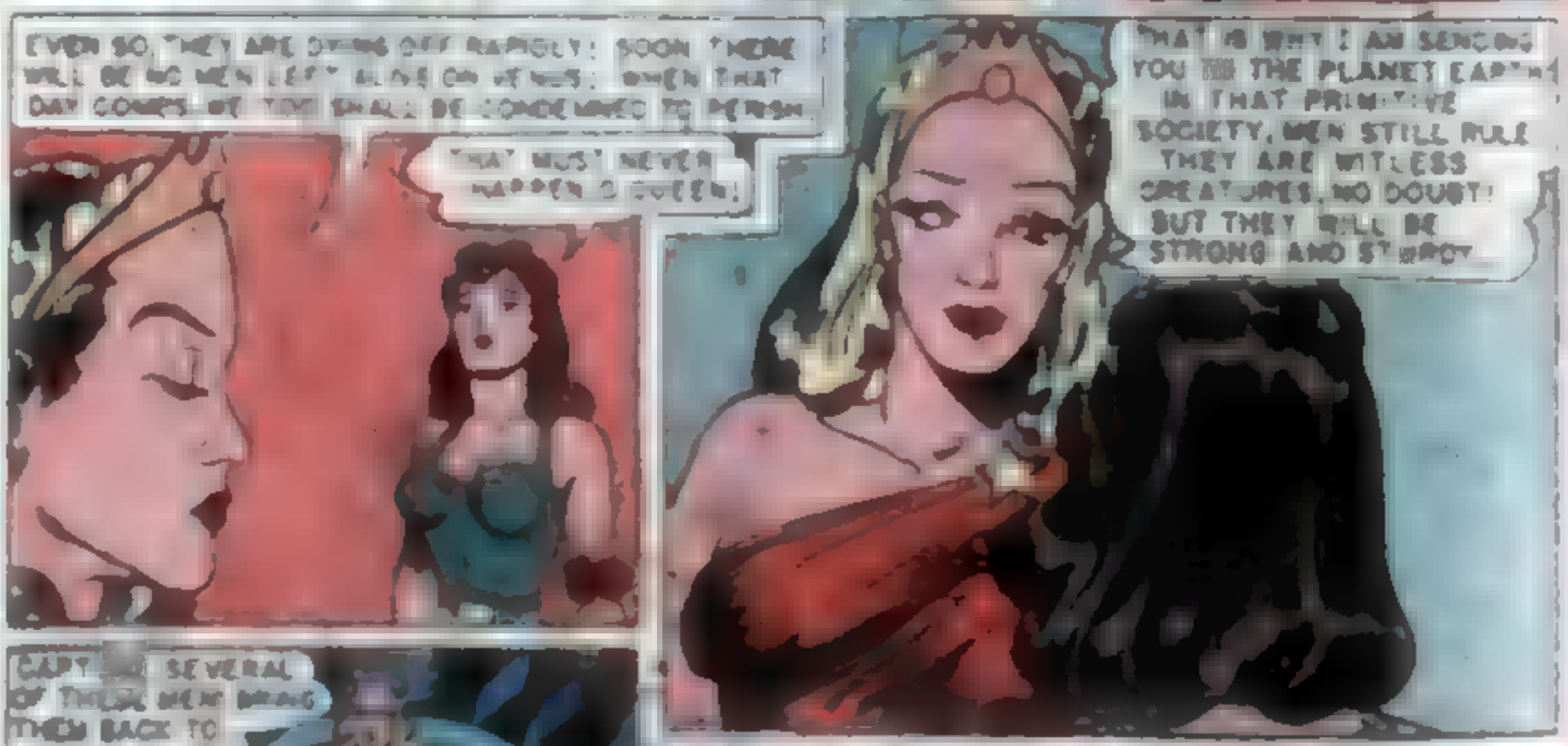
MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

MOON GIRL
and The Prince
CLARE LUNE, HISTORY TEACHER AT THE RAWLEY JUNIOR HIGH, ACTUALLY IS THE POSSESSOR OF THE FABLED MOONSTONE — WHICH GIVES HER THE SUPERHUMAN POWERS OF MOON GIRL!
AIDING MOON GIRL IN HER UNCEASING BATTLE AGAINST EVIL IS LIONEL MANDRAKE, A TRUE SON OF HERCULES, BETTER KNOWN AS THE PRINCE!
BOTH MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE NEED ALL THEIR POWERS TO WARD OFF THE MOST MENACING VISITORS EARTH HAS EVER KNOWN, THE
INVADERS FROM VENUS!

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE







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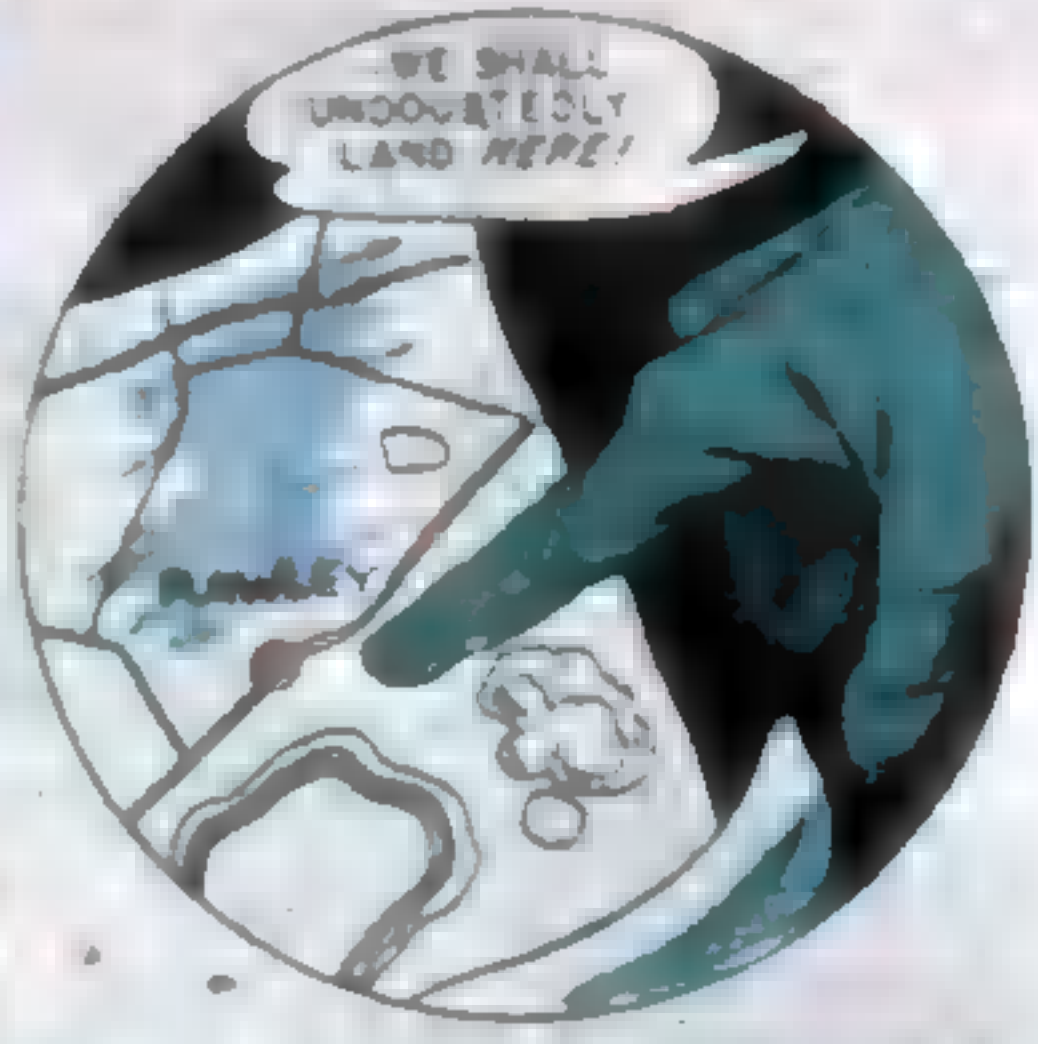
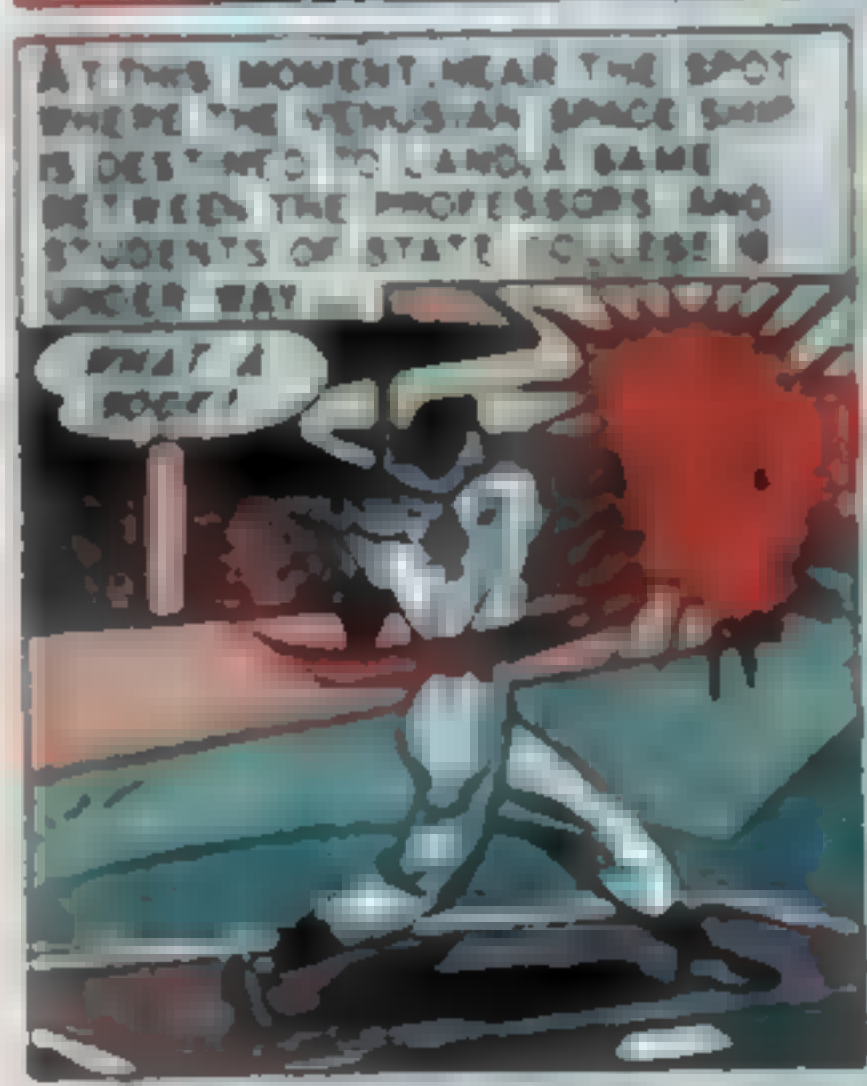
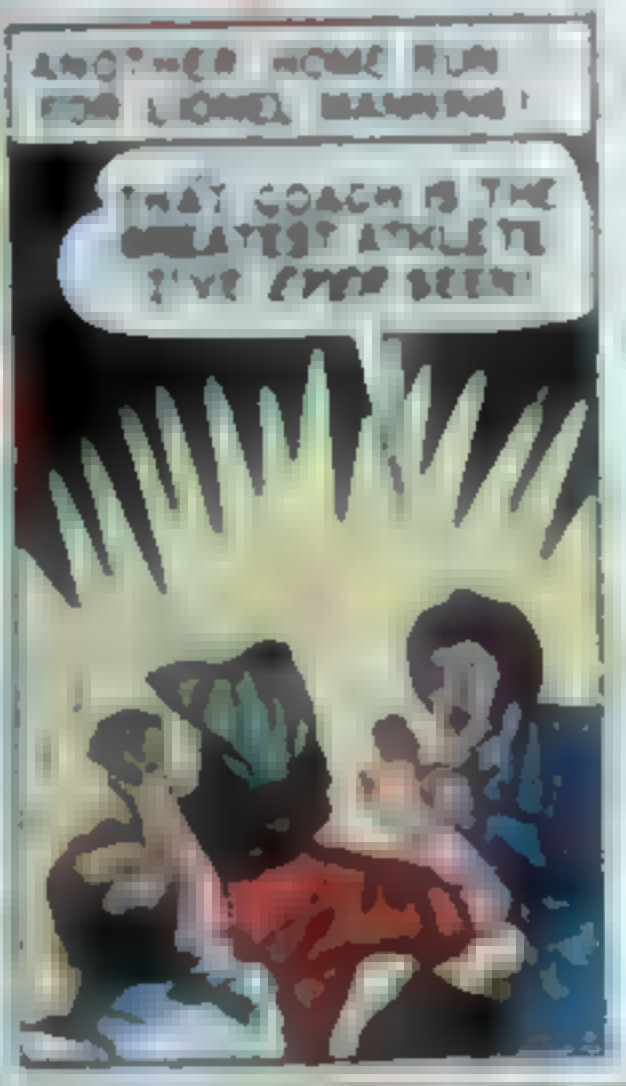


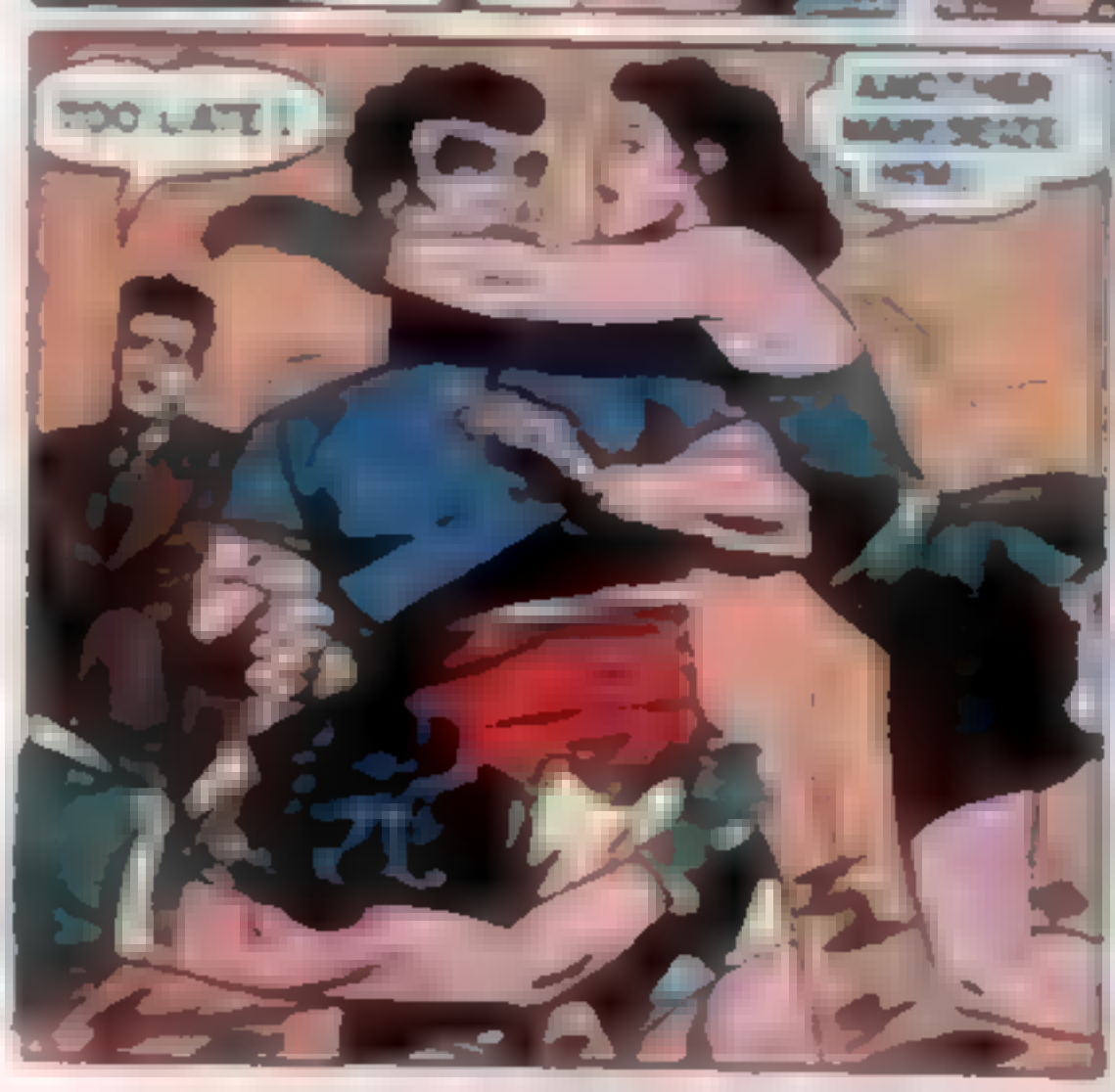




Soon.....

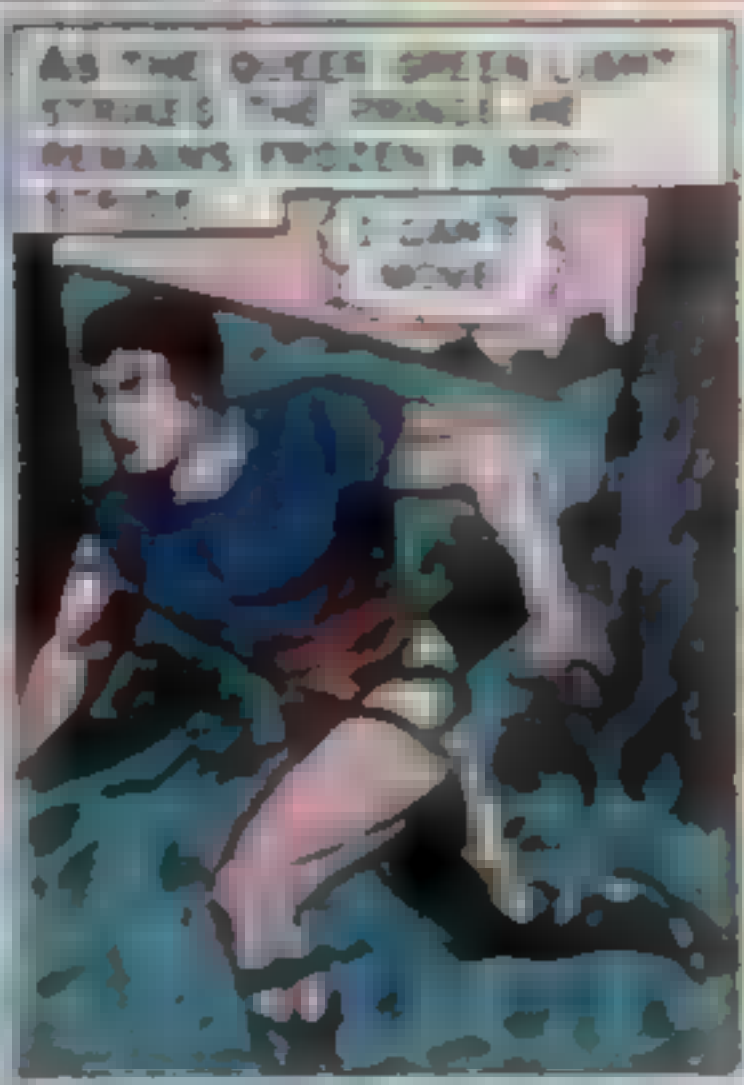
TOO BAD MOON GIRL DIDN'T WOULD'NT HAVE TO HANDLE THIS ALONE AS THE PRINCE

FOLLOWING A WELL-MARKED FOREST TRAIL, THE PRINCE ENCOUNTERS UPON A CLEARING...
THE MISSING MEN. THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER!
GO BACK DIRECTLY!


TOO LATE!

SORRY LADIES! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU.....

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE



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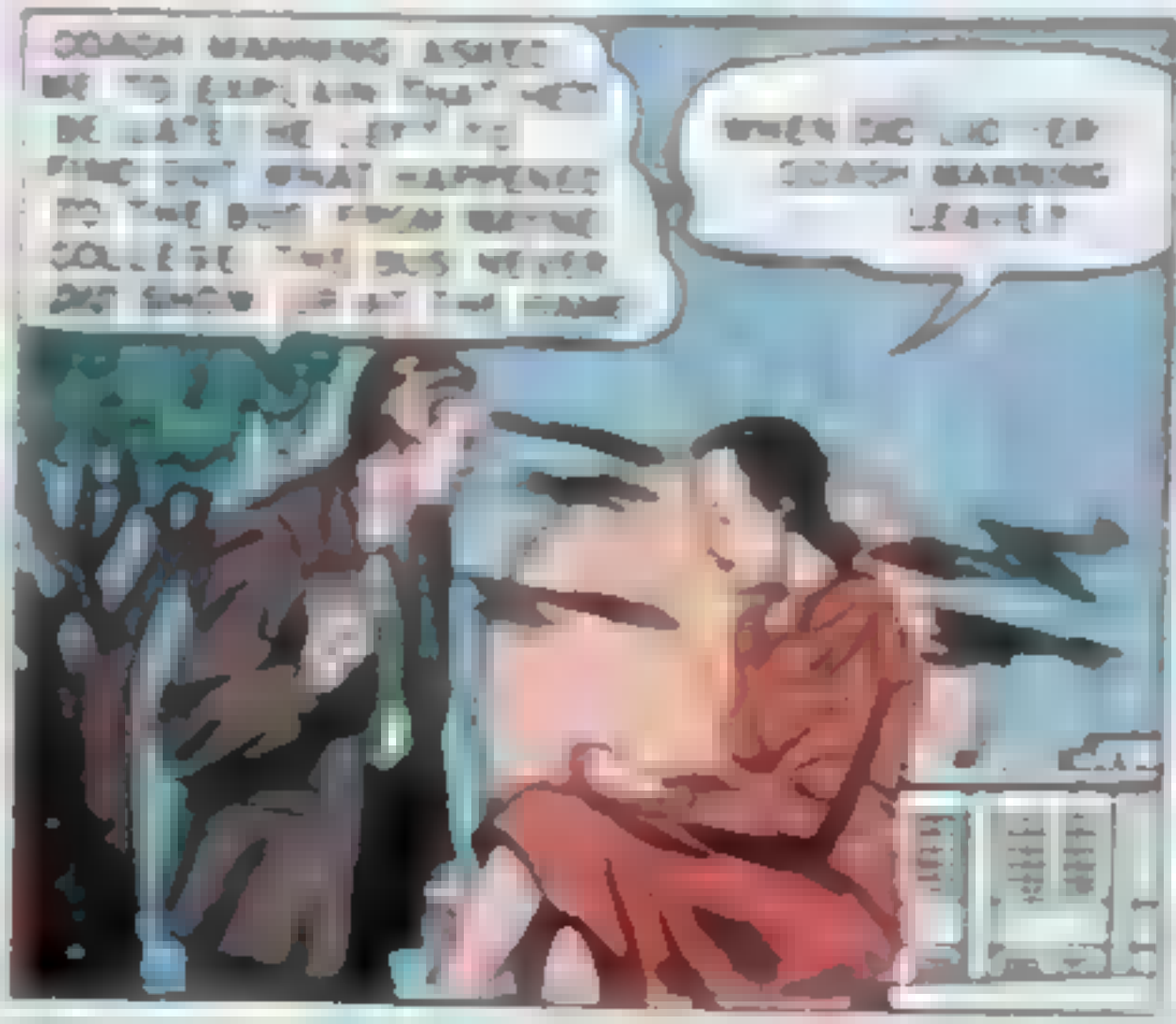

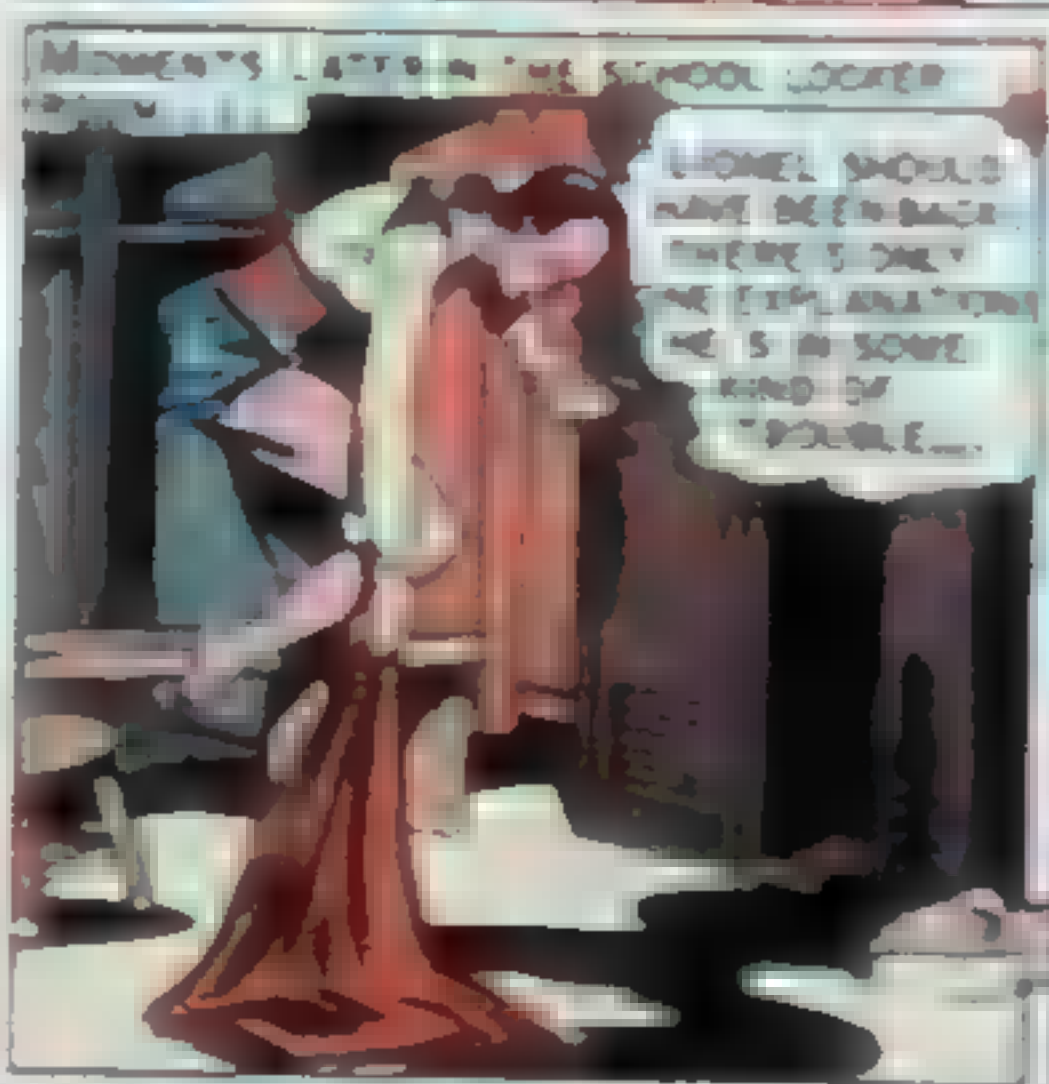

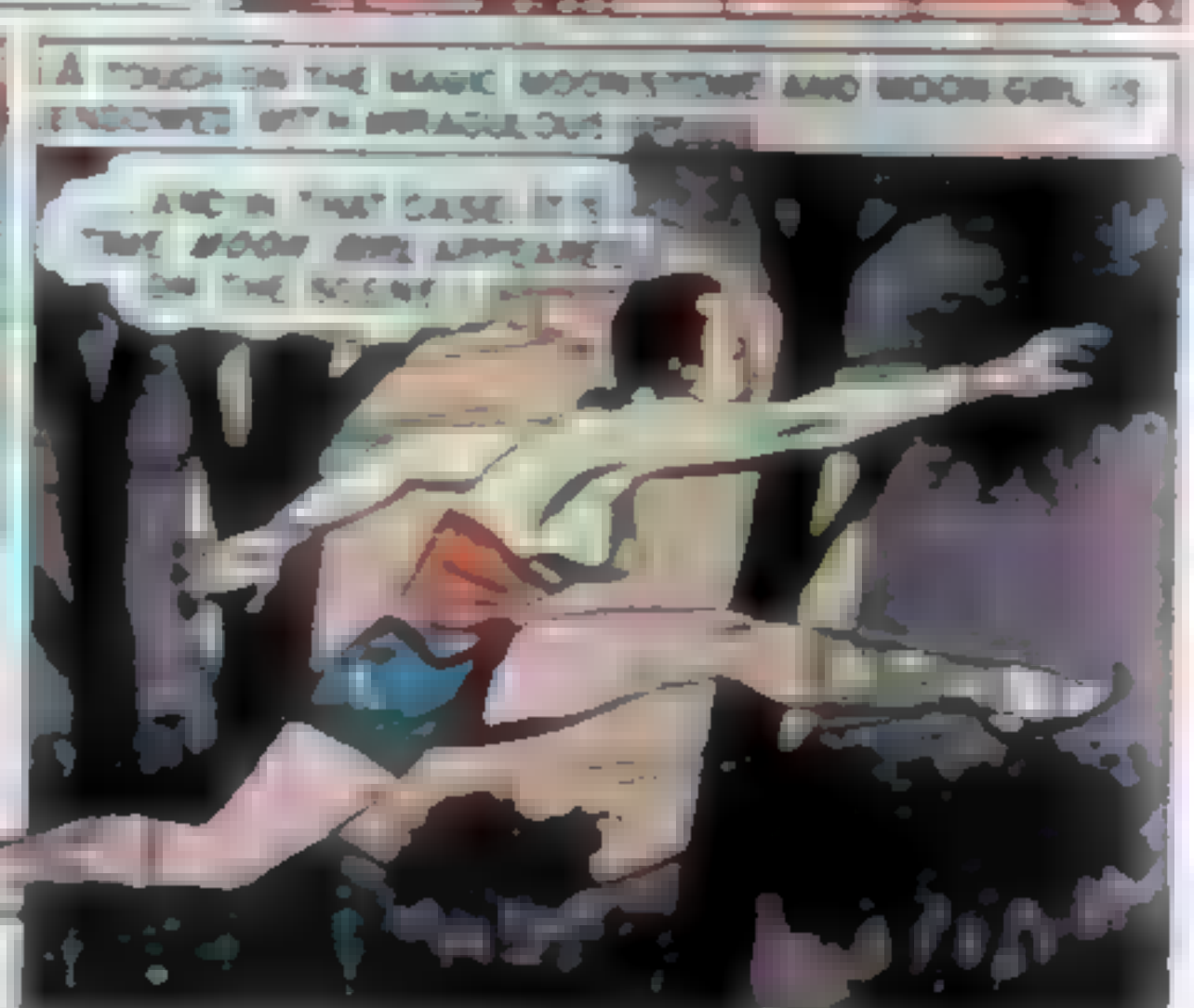

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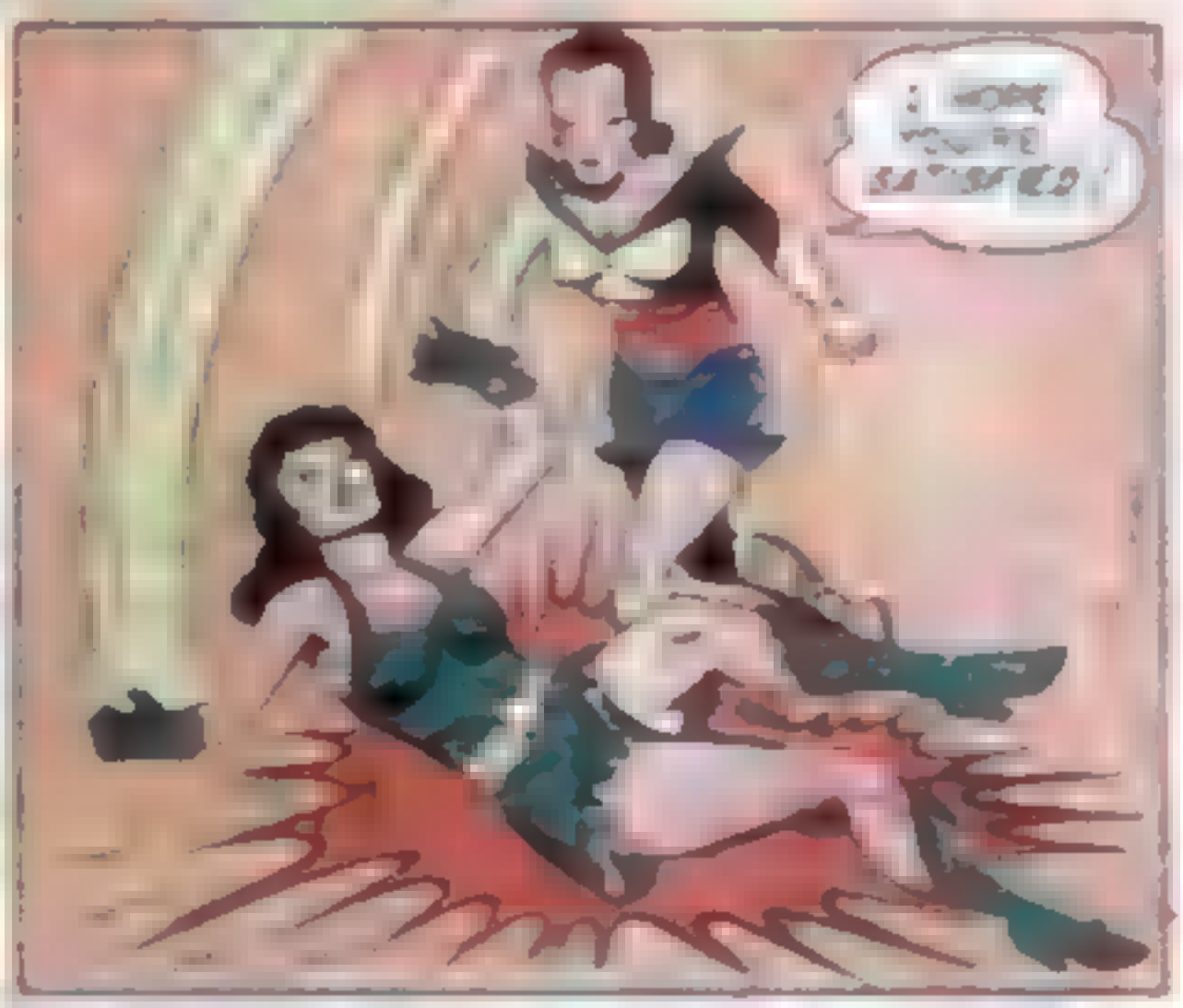
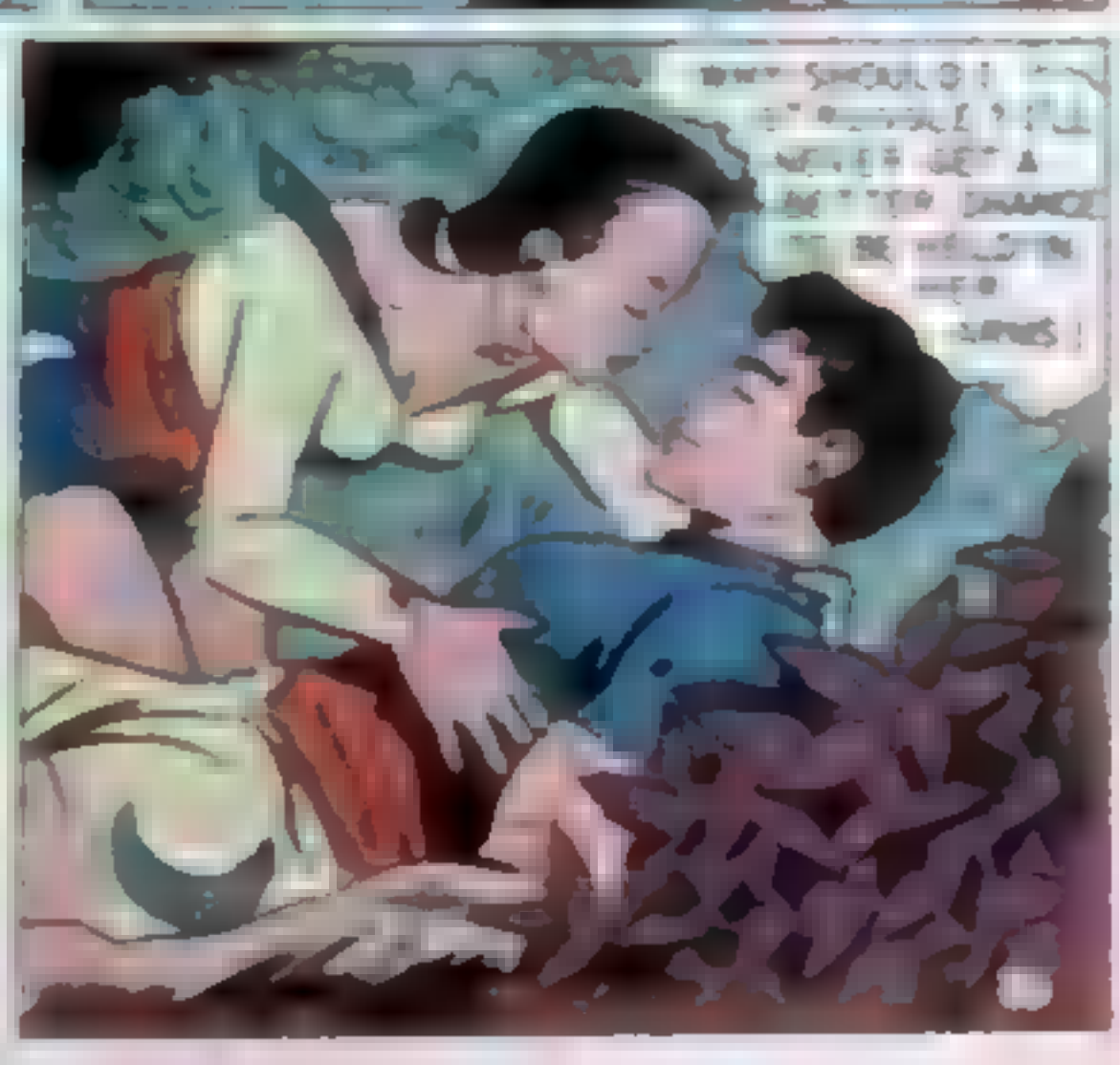
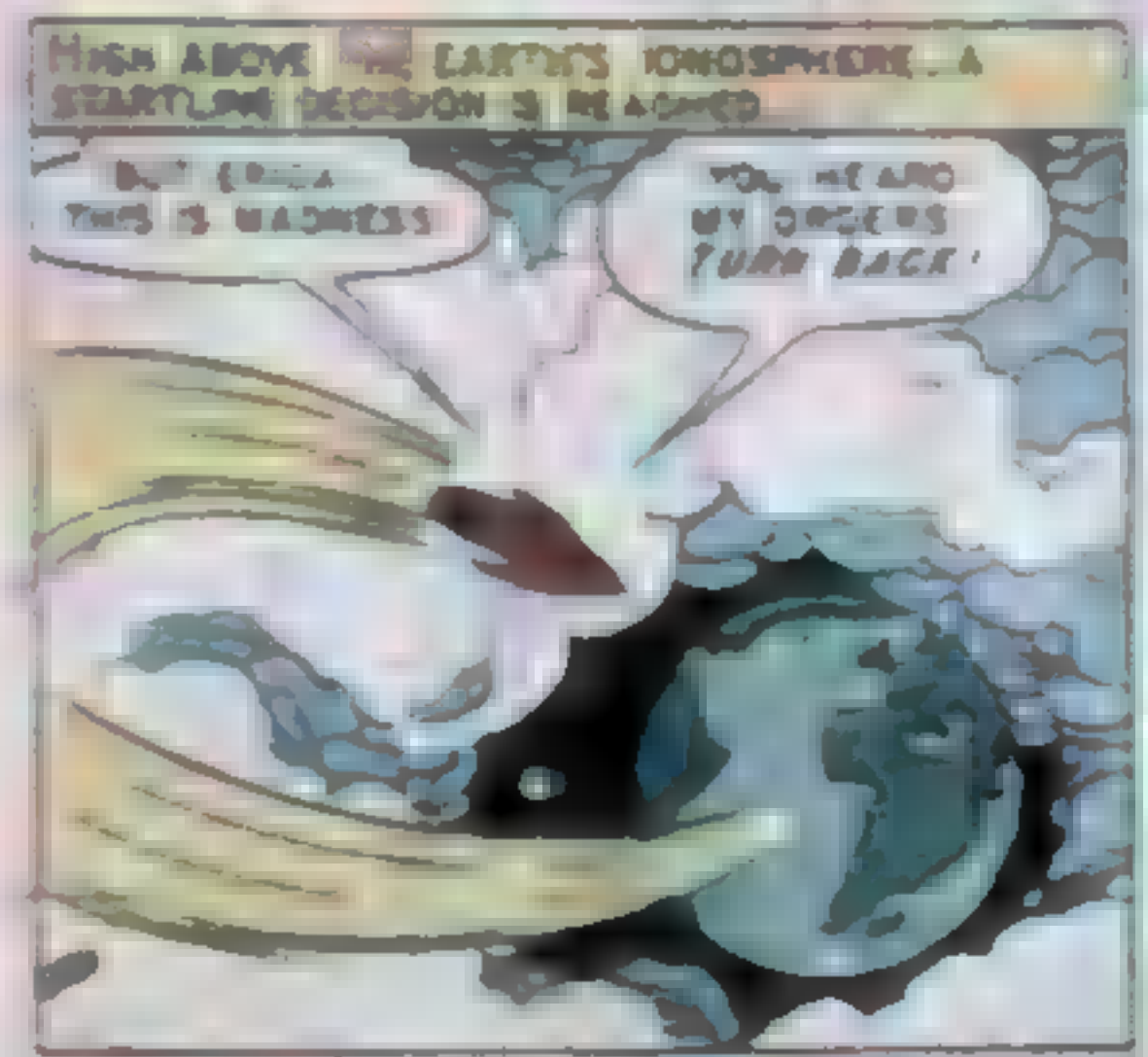
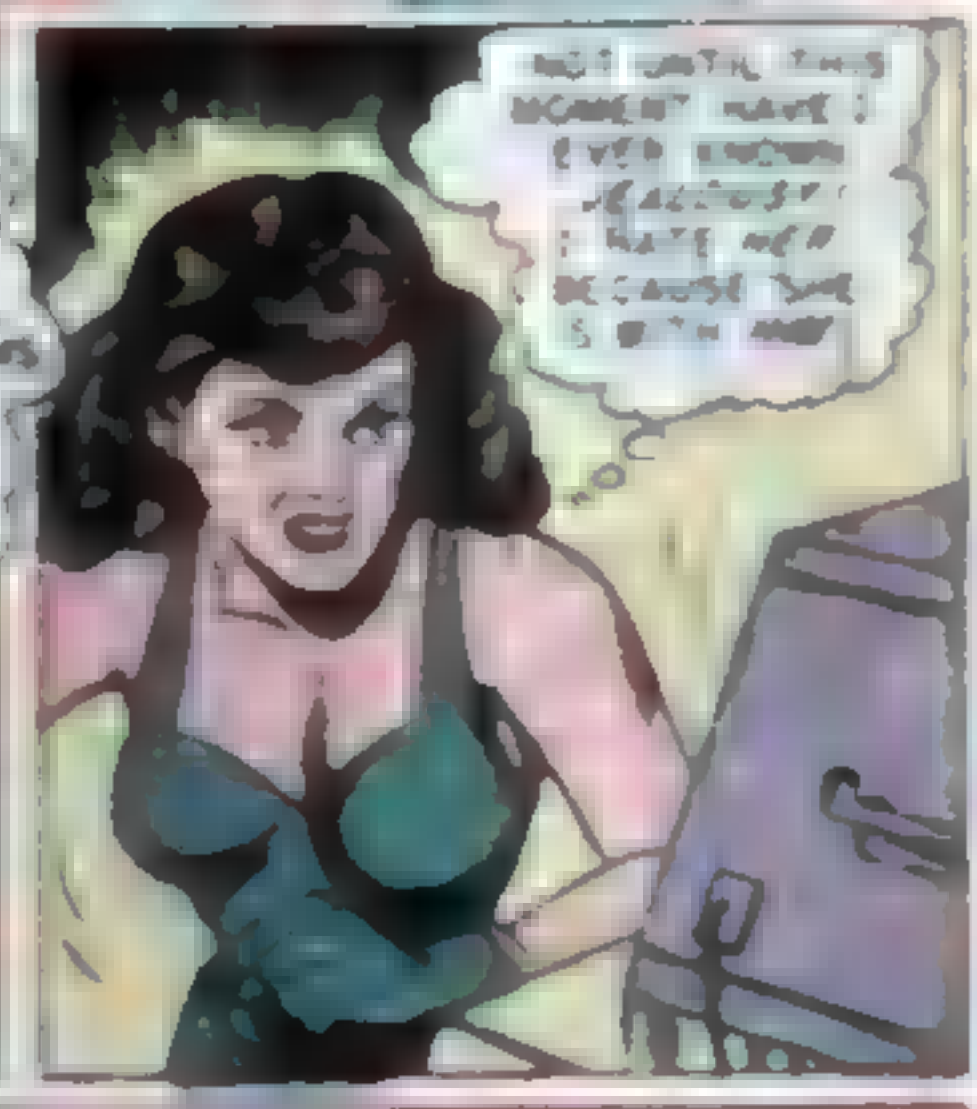




HURRY, ERICA! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
BUT OUR CAPTIVE...
WHAT IS ONE CAPTIVE MORE OR LESS? THAT EARTH GIRL IS A DEMON
YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE! YET WHY DO I FEEL THAT I MUST STAY?
THE ROCKET SHIP!
IT'S GONE! I NEVER SAW ANYTHING MOVE THAT FAST! IT MUST TRAVEL A THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE!
MOON GIRL!
HE'S RECOVERING! THANK HEAVENS HE'S NOT DEAD, AFTER ALL!
EVERY PASSING SECOND SENDS STRENGTH SURGING BACK INTO THE PRINCE'S MIGHTY BODY
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW! I CAN MOVE FREELY
WHAT A TERRIBLE WEAPON THAT SPEED RAY MUST BE
LUCKILY, I WAS PROTECTED BY THE MOONSTONE
SUCH A WEAPON CANNOT BE OF THIS EARTH! I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHERE OUR VISITORS CAME FROM
YES—AND WHETHER WE'LL EVER MEET THEM AGAIN

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE





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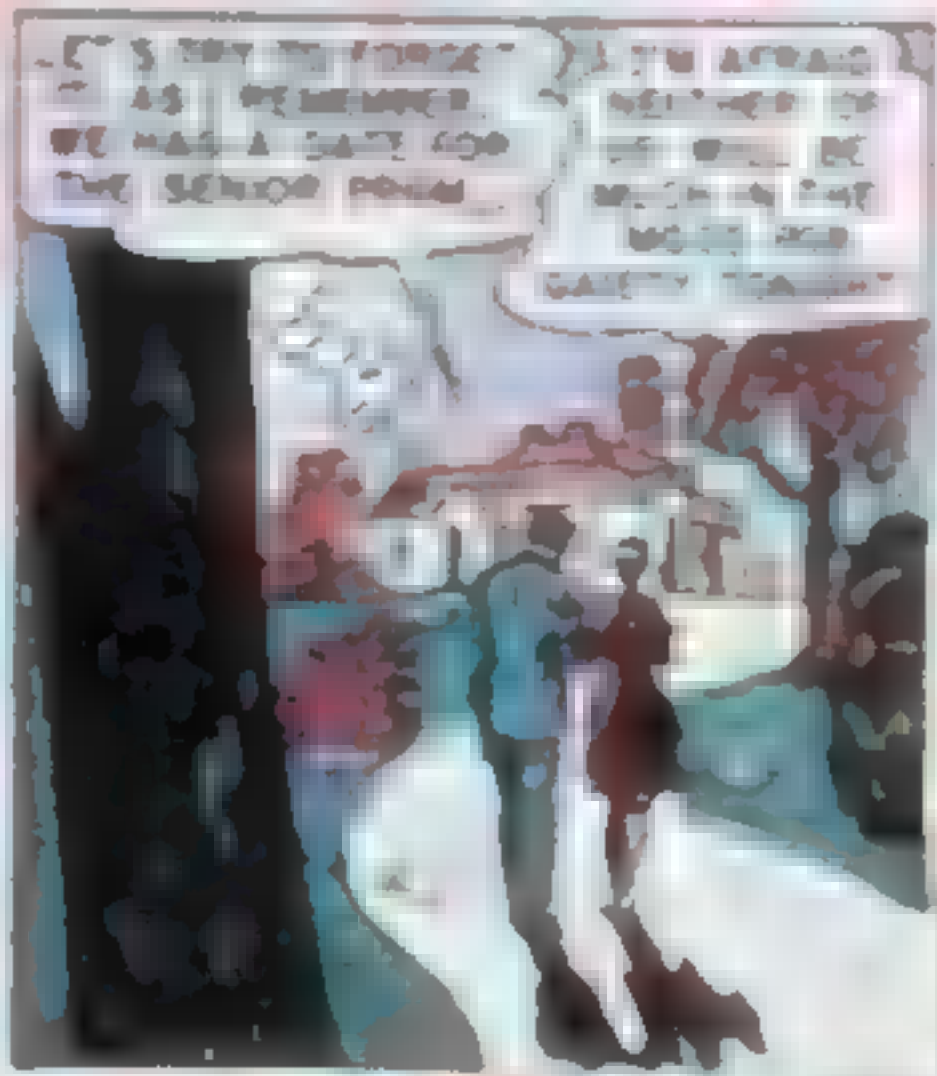
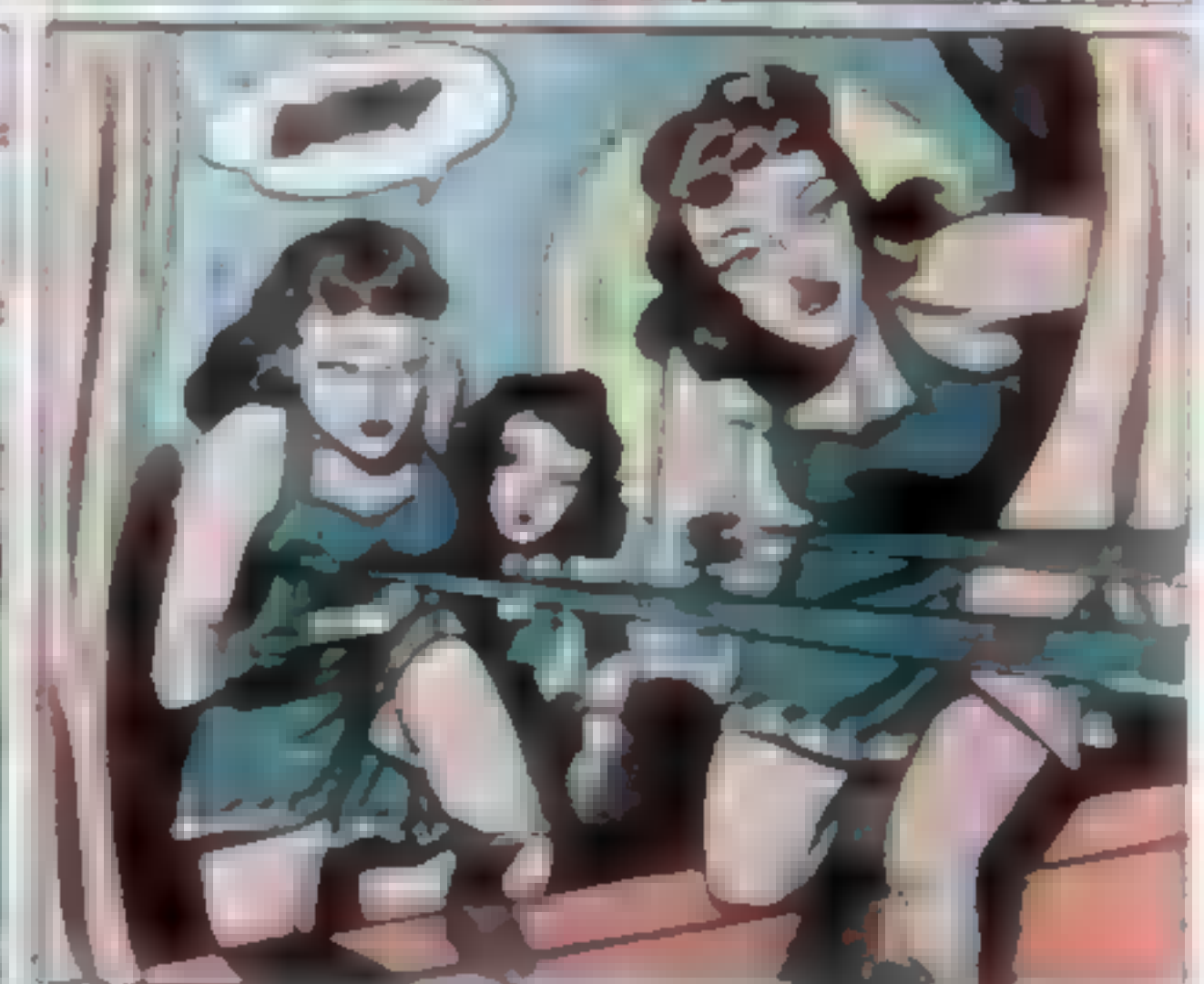
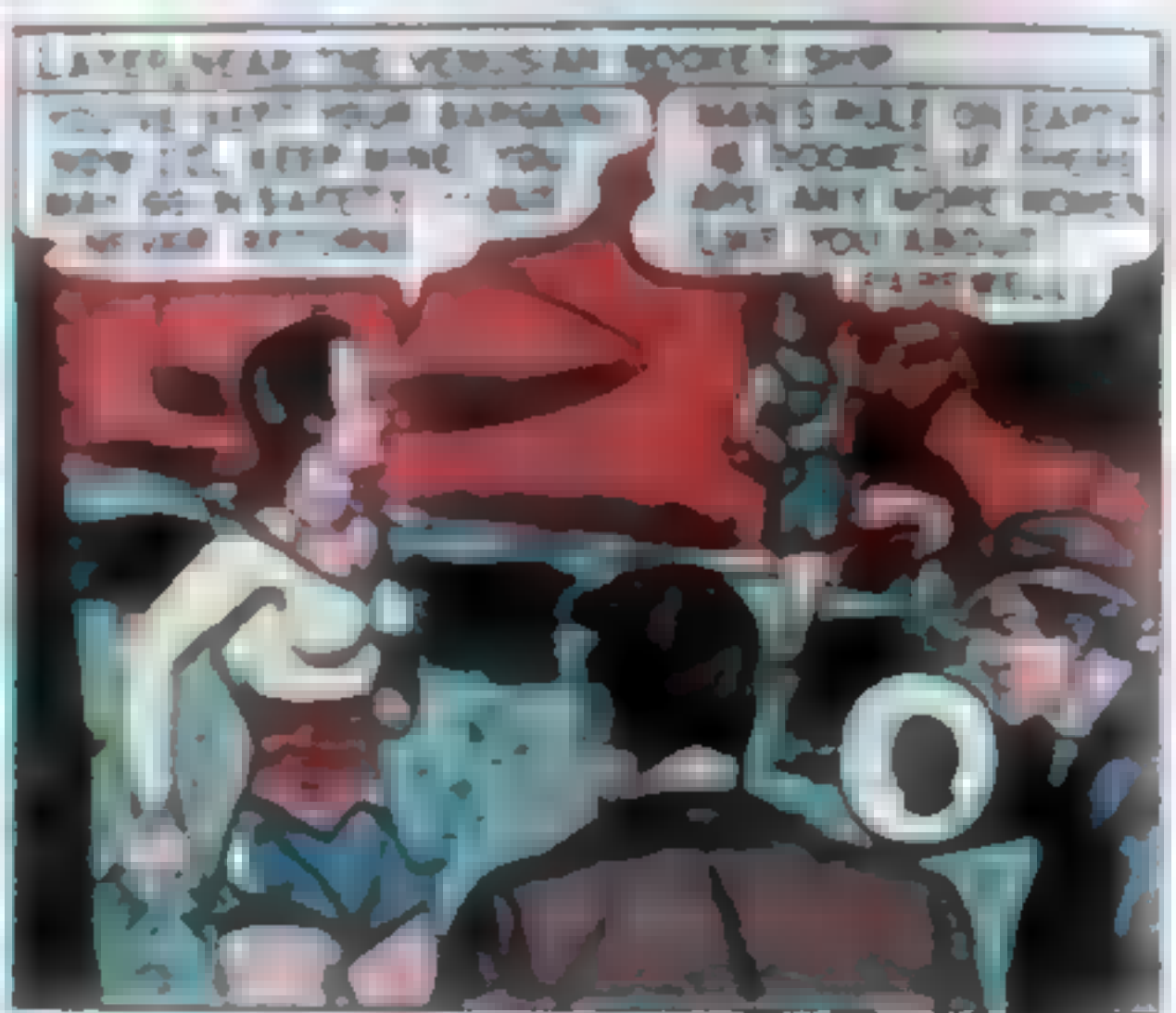


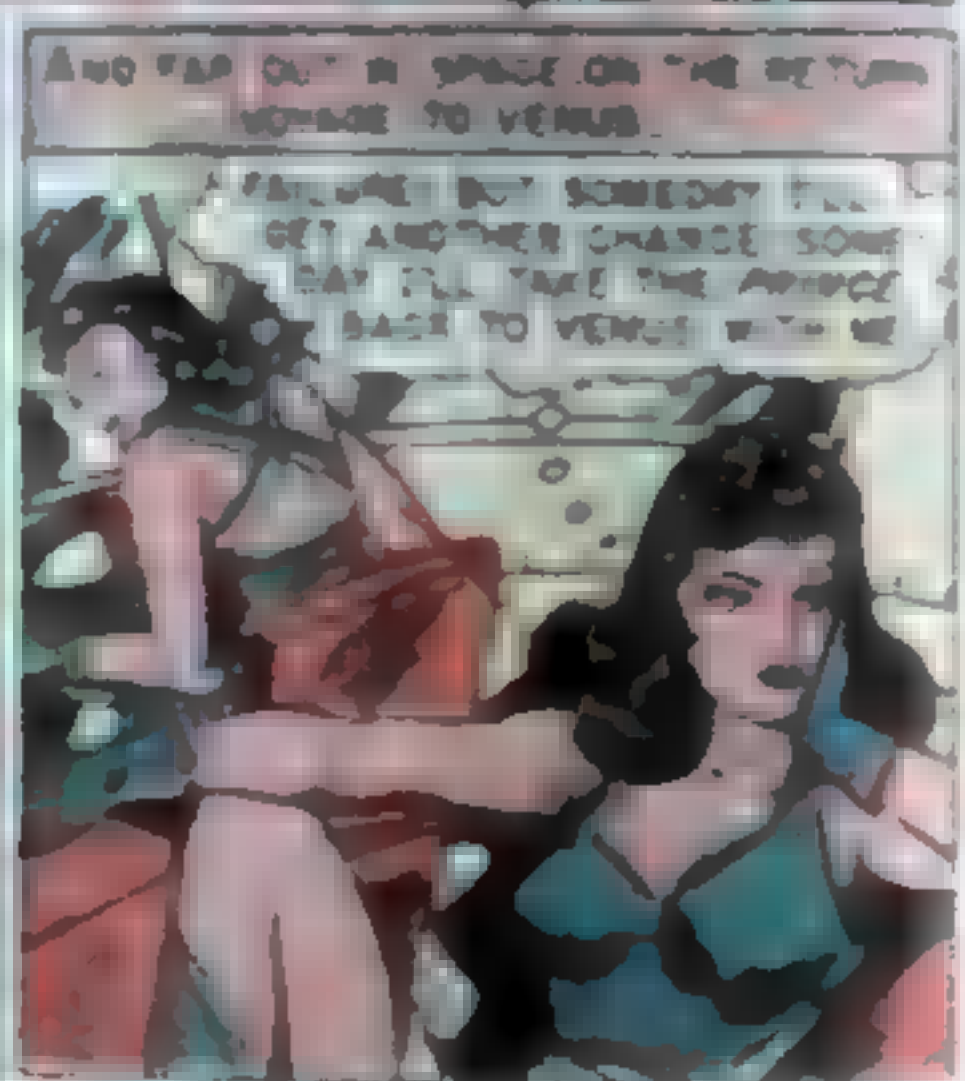


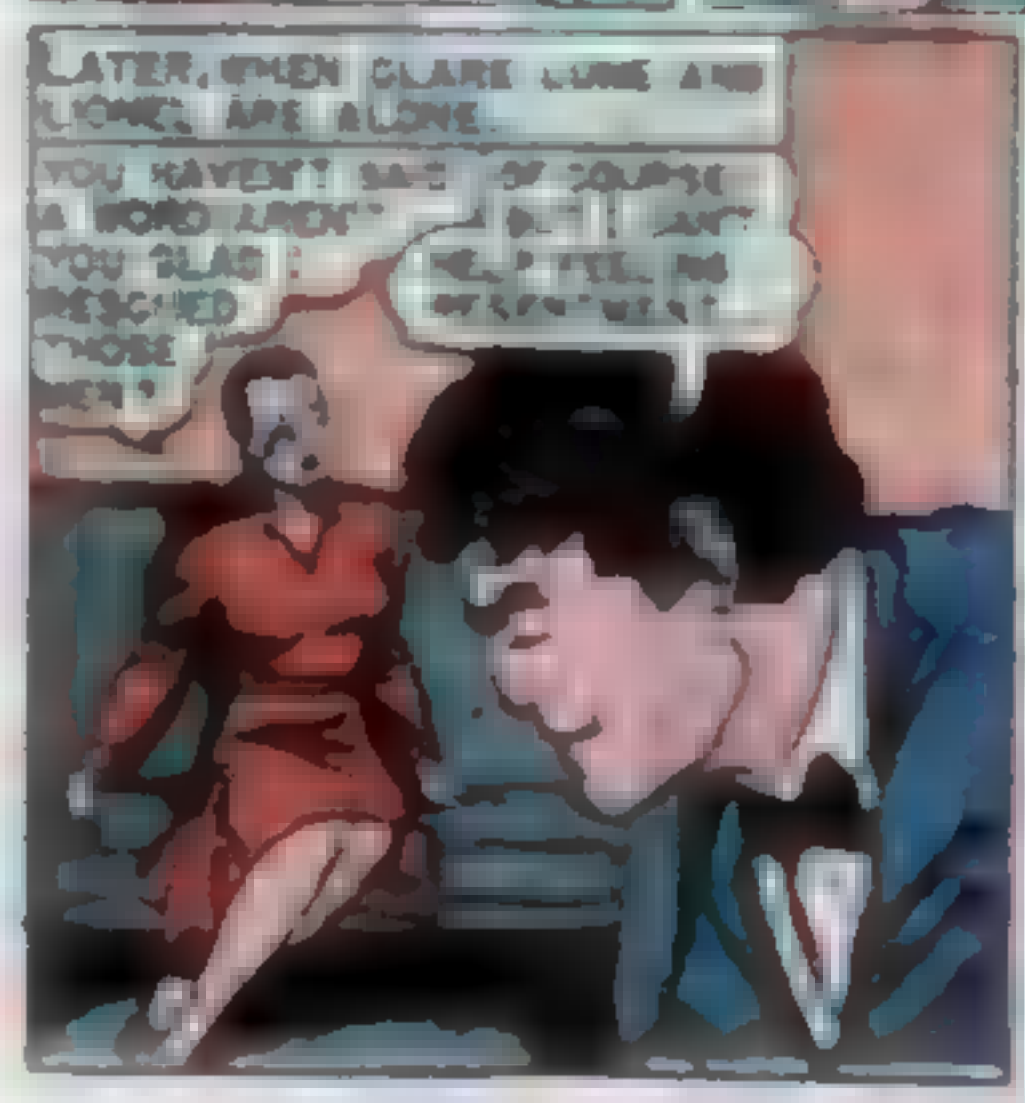
MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

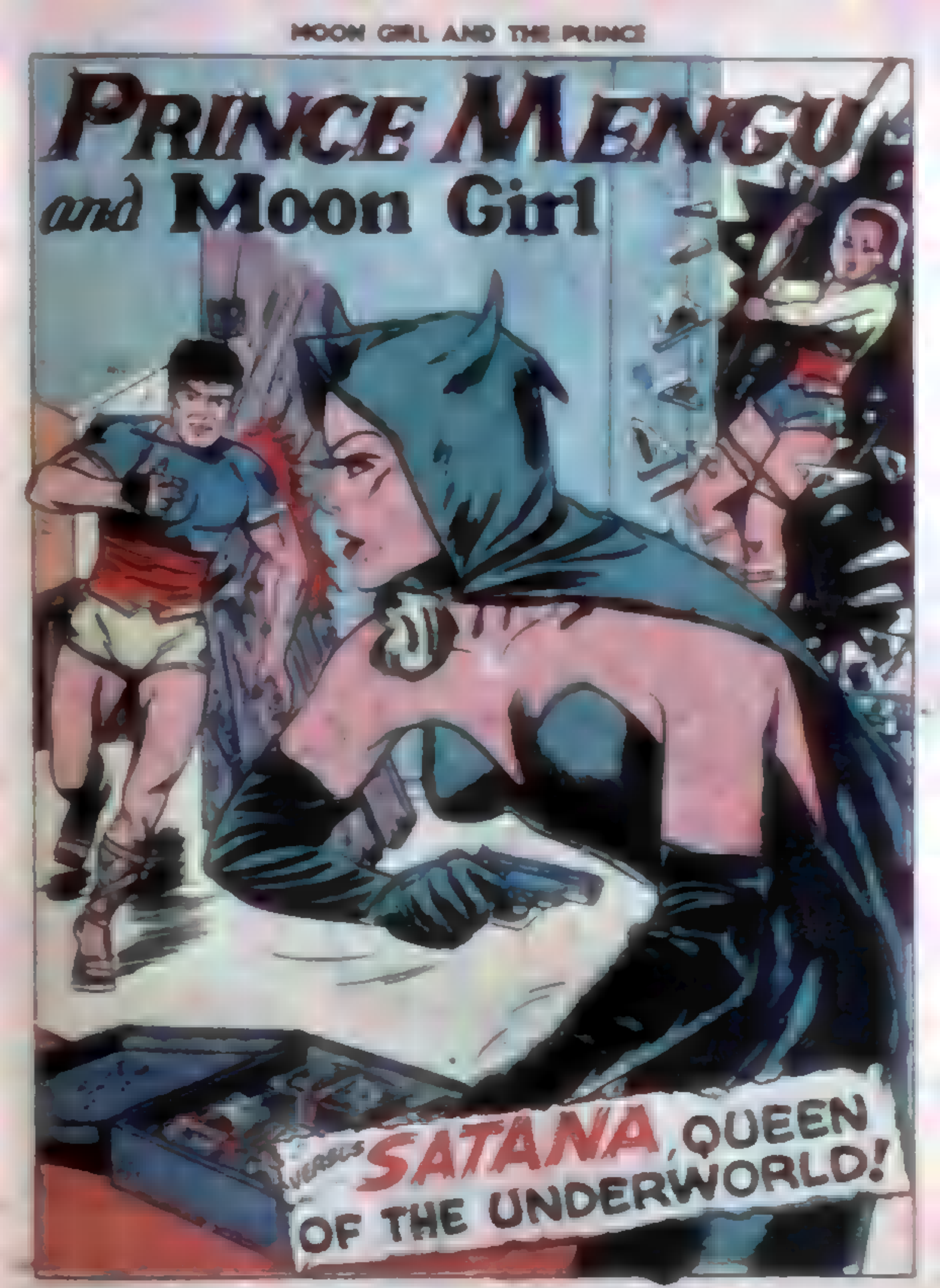
AGREED



AND I'LL SAY THIS: BRILLIS EARTH WOMEN ARE BEING RELIEVED OF SOME MIGHTY TOUGH COMPETITION BY YOUR


AND FLIP OUT IN SPACE ON THE RETURN VOYAGE TO VENUS.


LATER, WHEN CLARE LUNE AND LYONEL ARE ALONE.


PRINCE MENGU
and Moon Girl
versus SATANA, QUEEN
OF THE UNDERWORLD!

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

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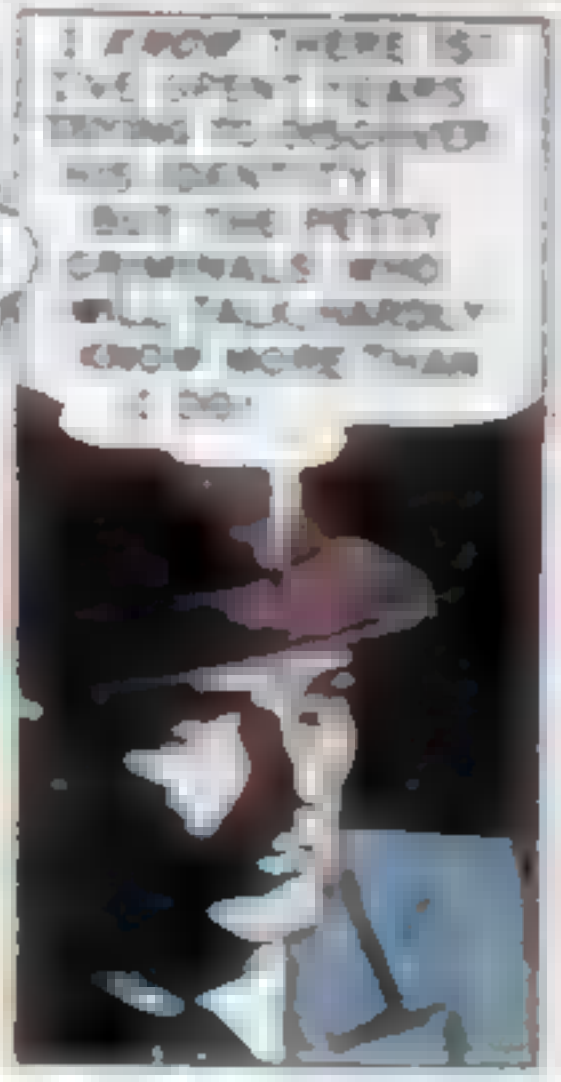
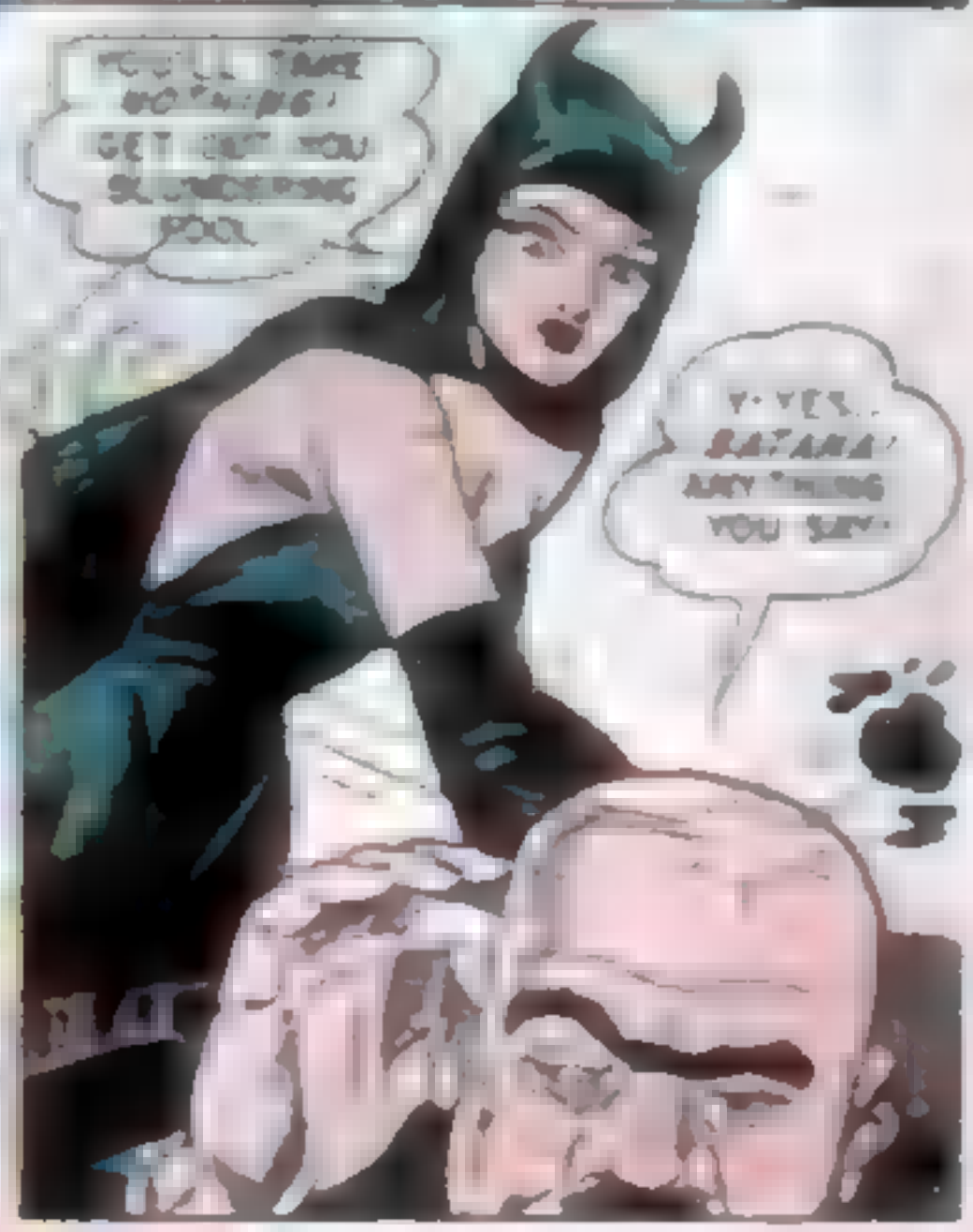


LUCK IS A COMMODITY EVEN THE PRINCE AND MOON GIRL MIGHT NEED, IF THEY EVER TANGLED WITH SATANA, QUEEN OF THE UNDERWORLD.



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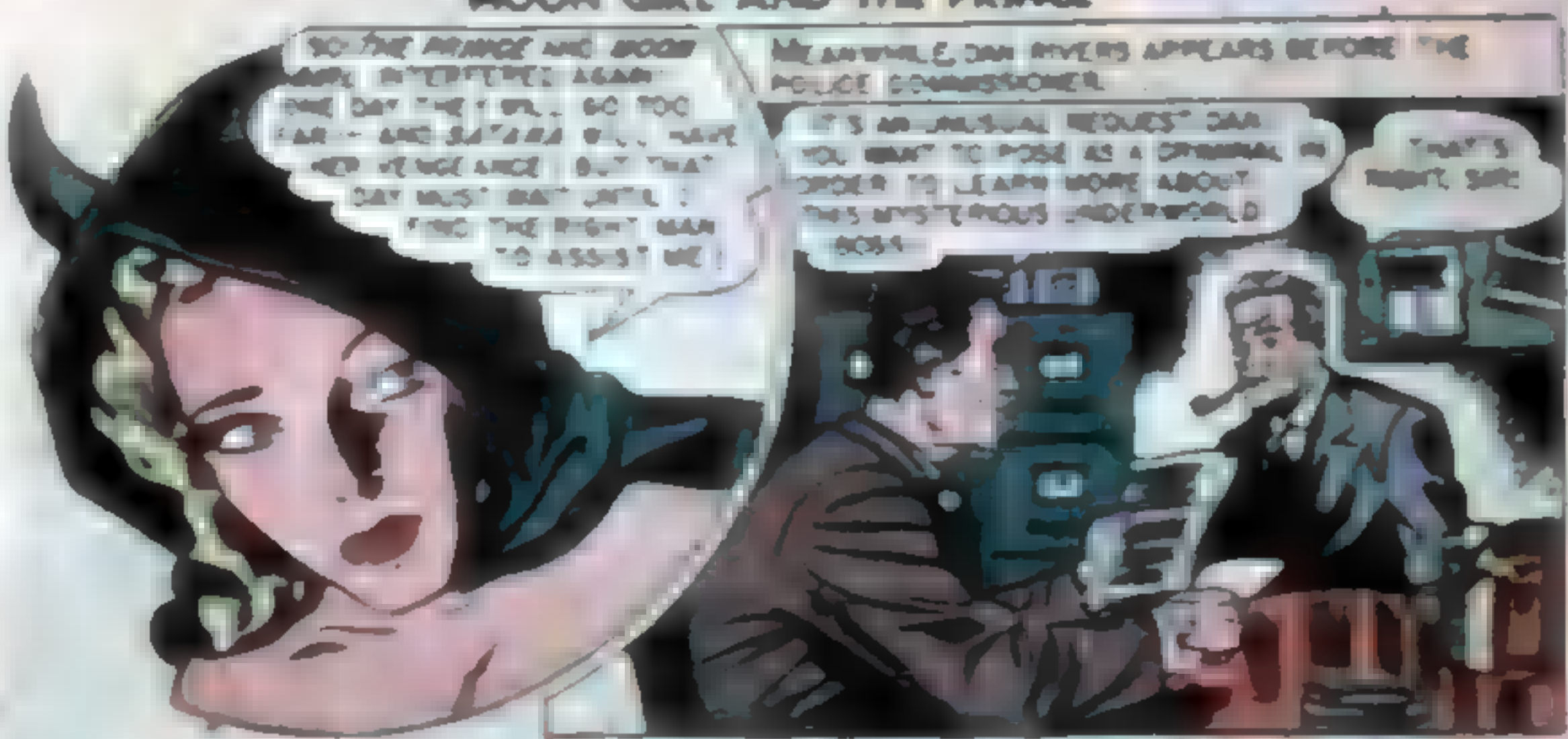

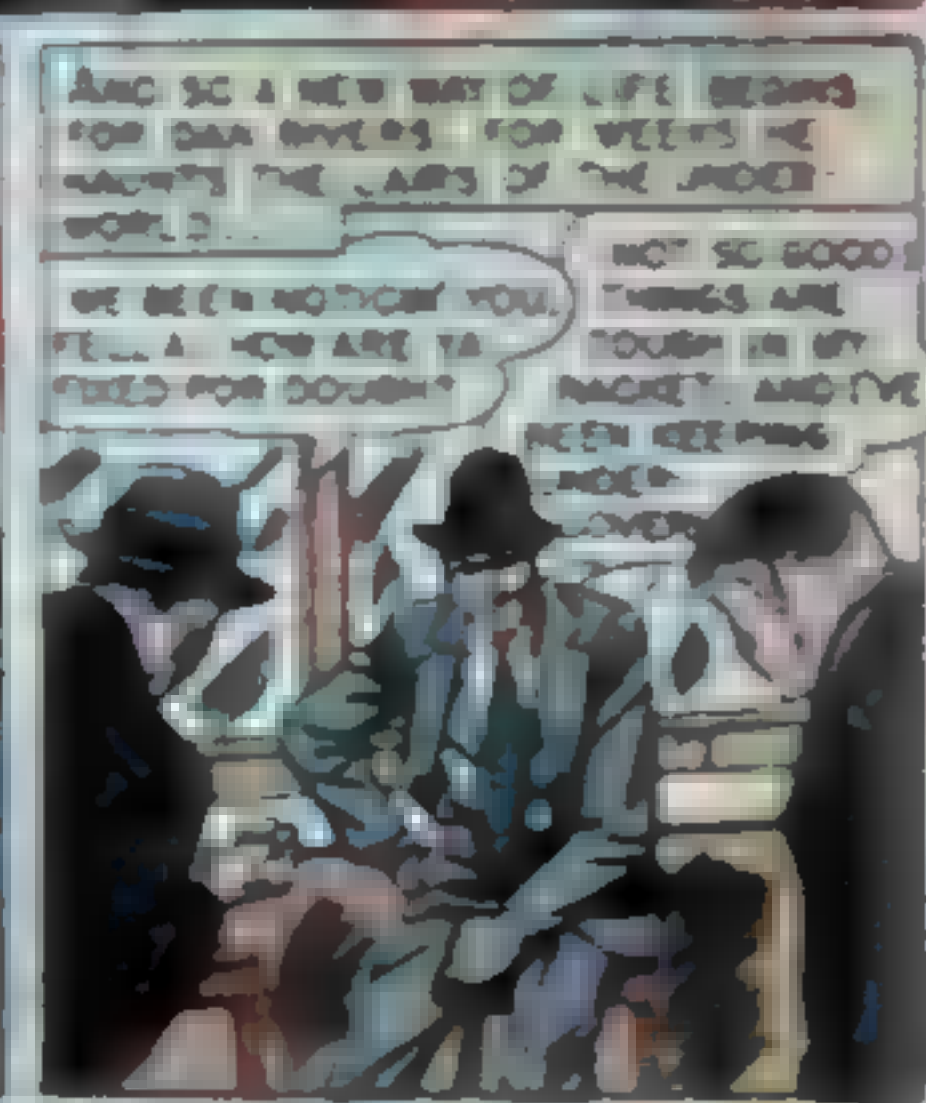

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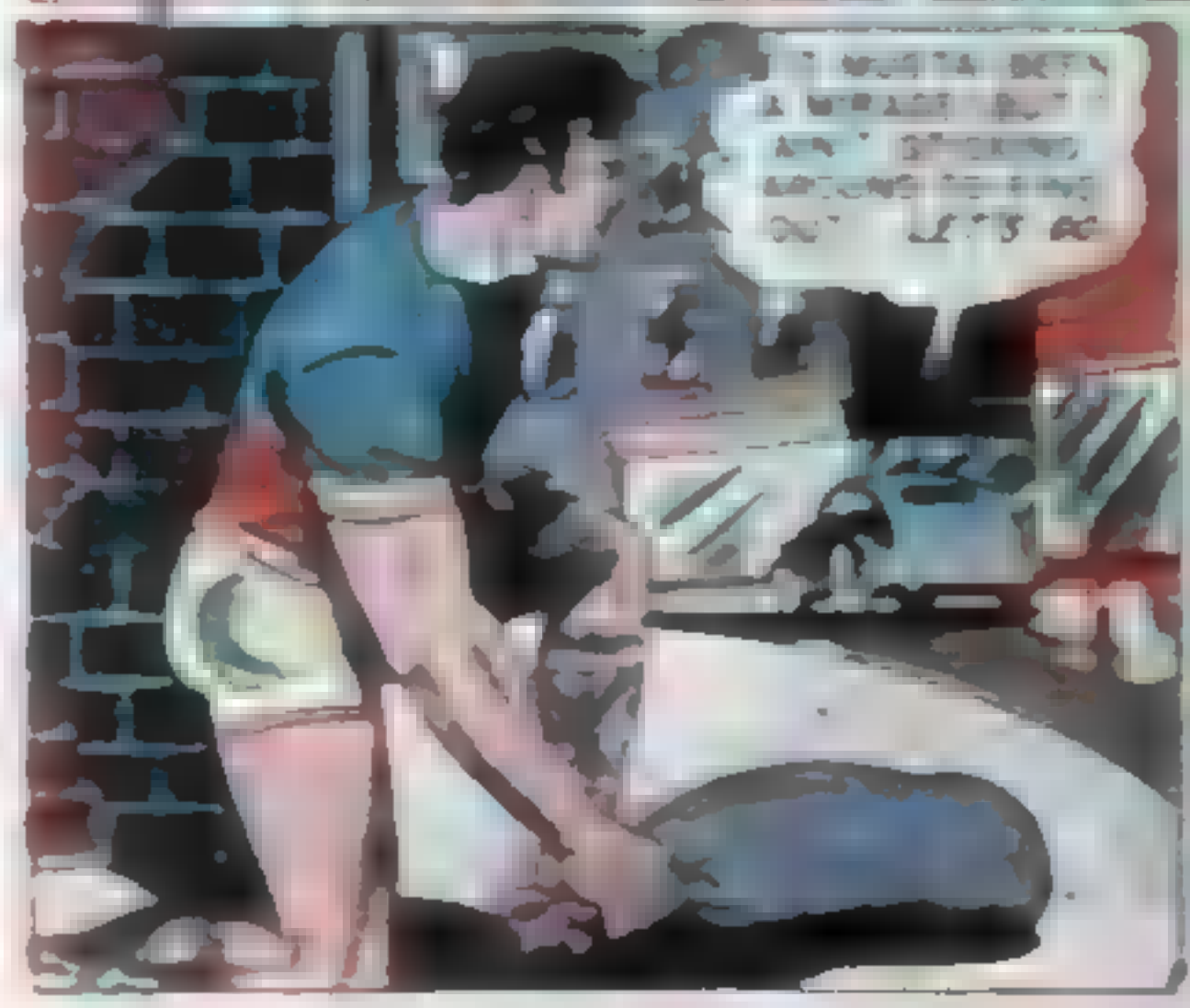

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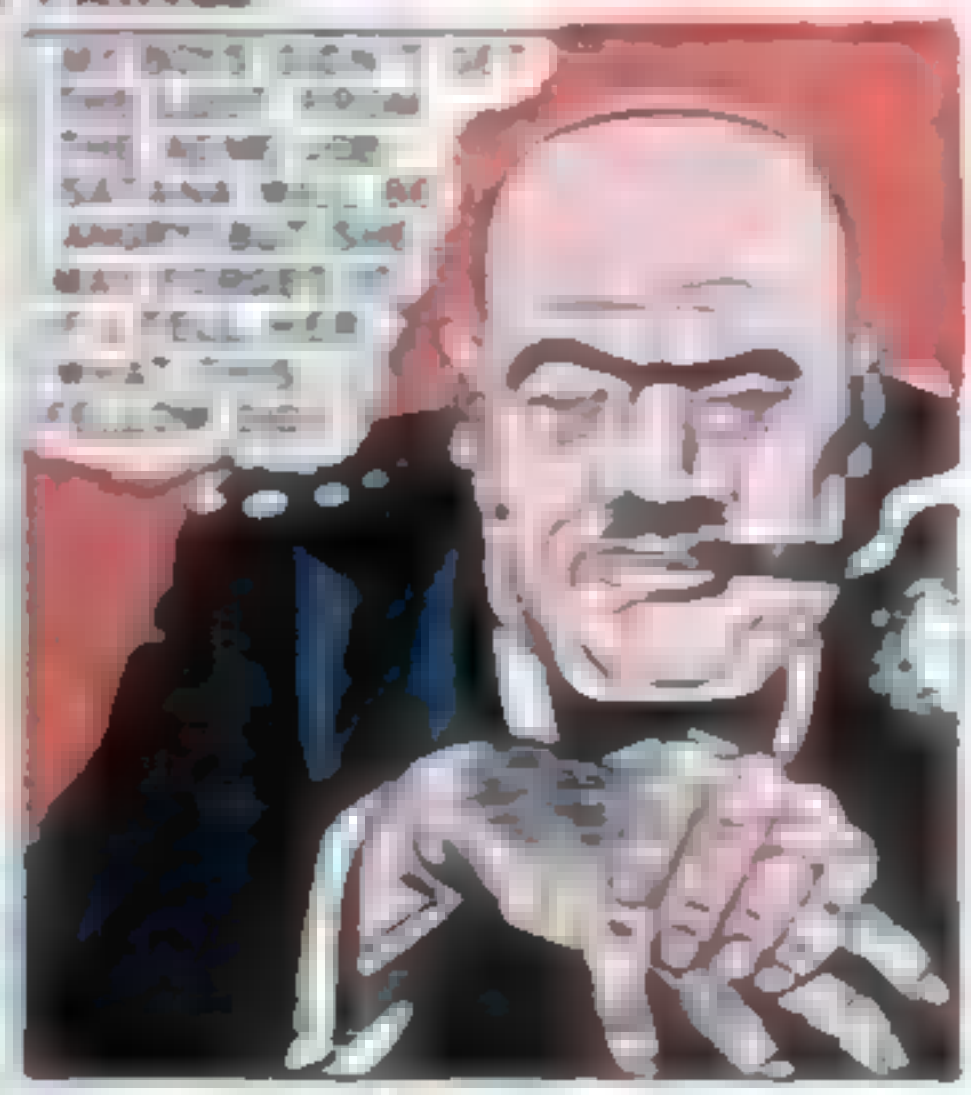
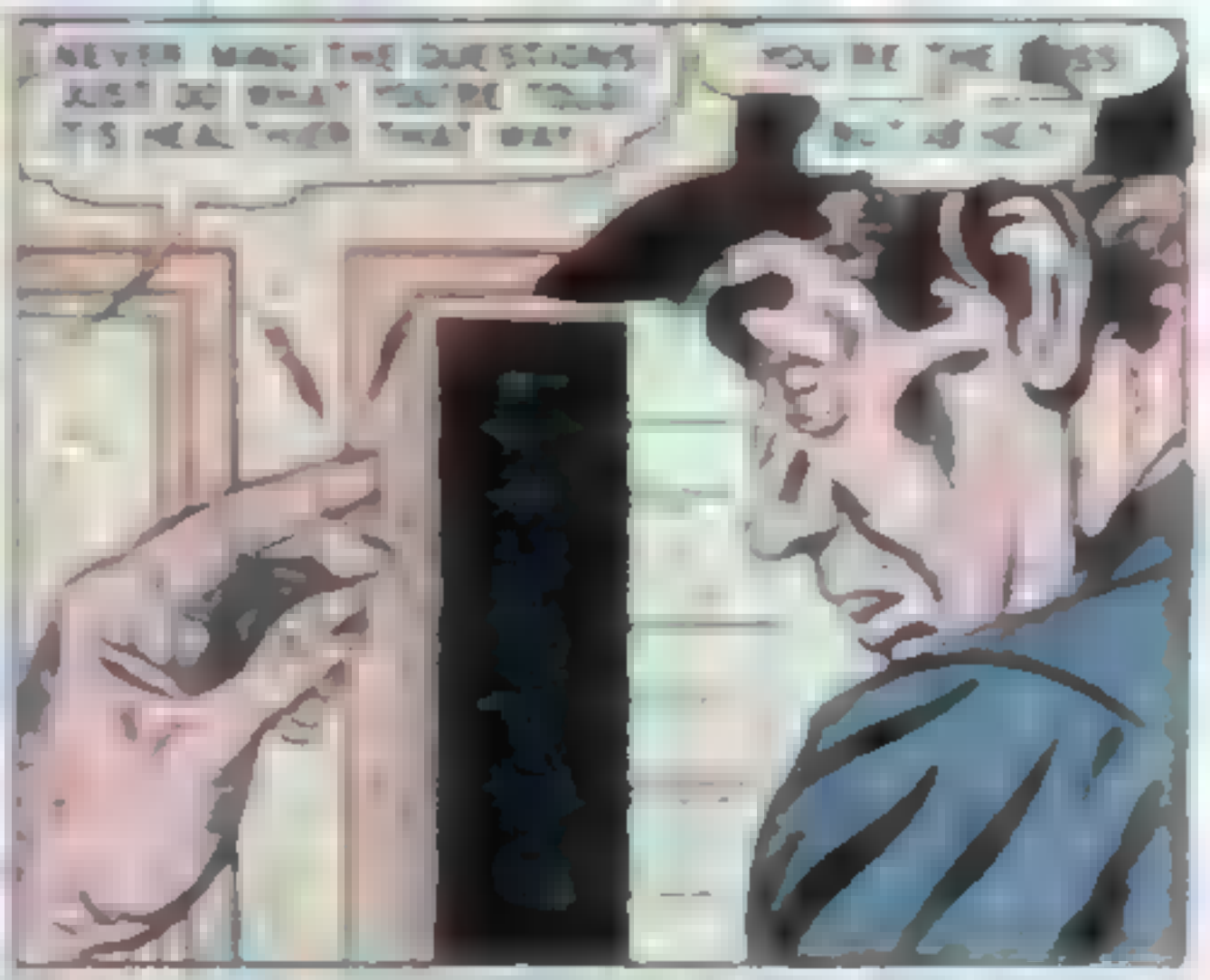
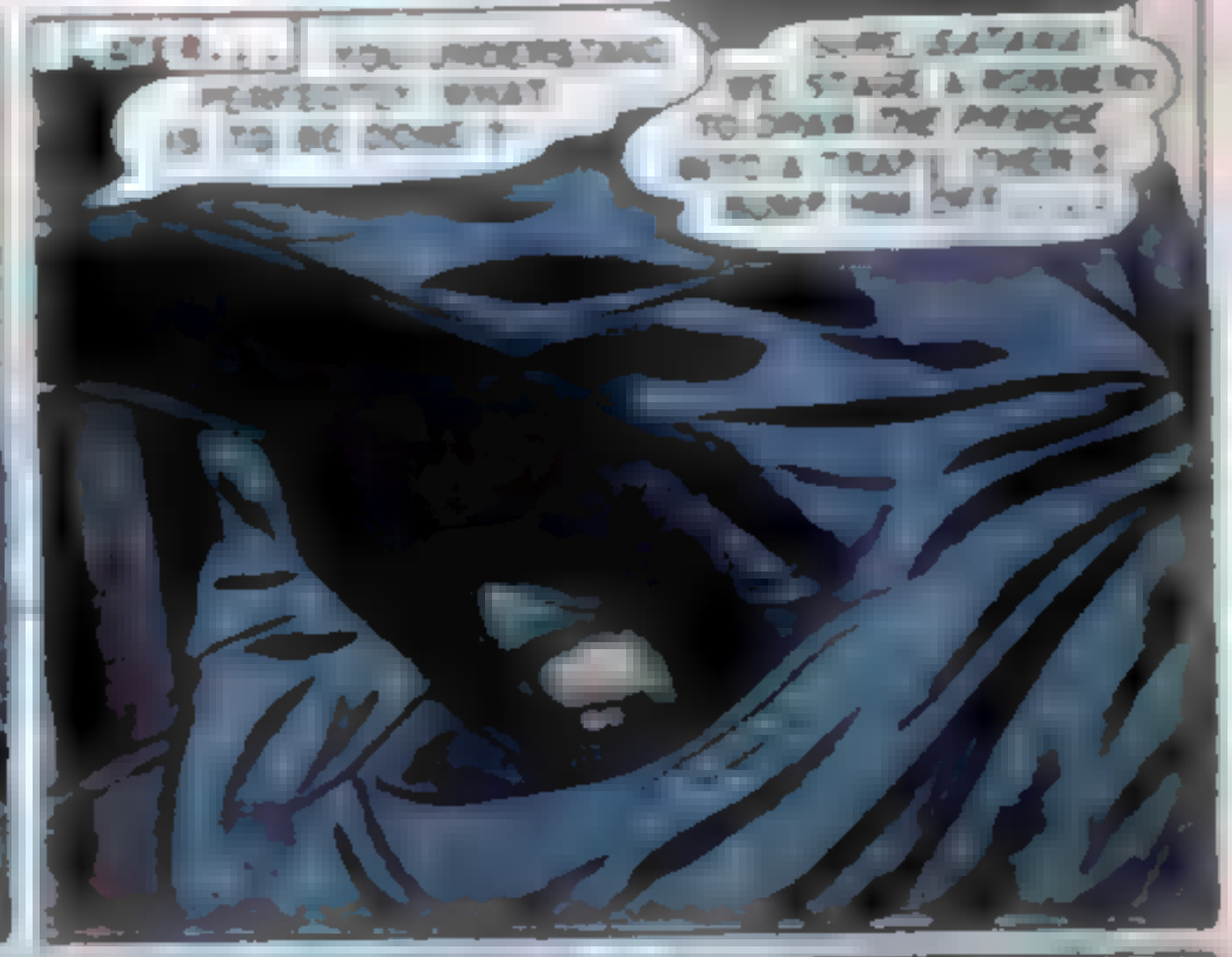
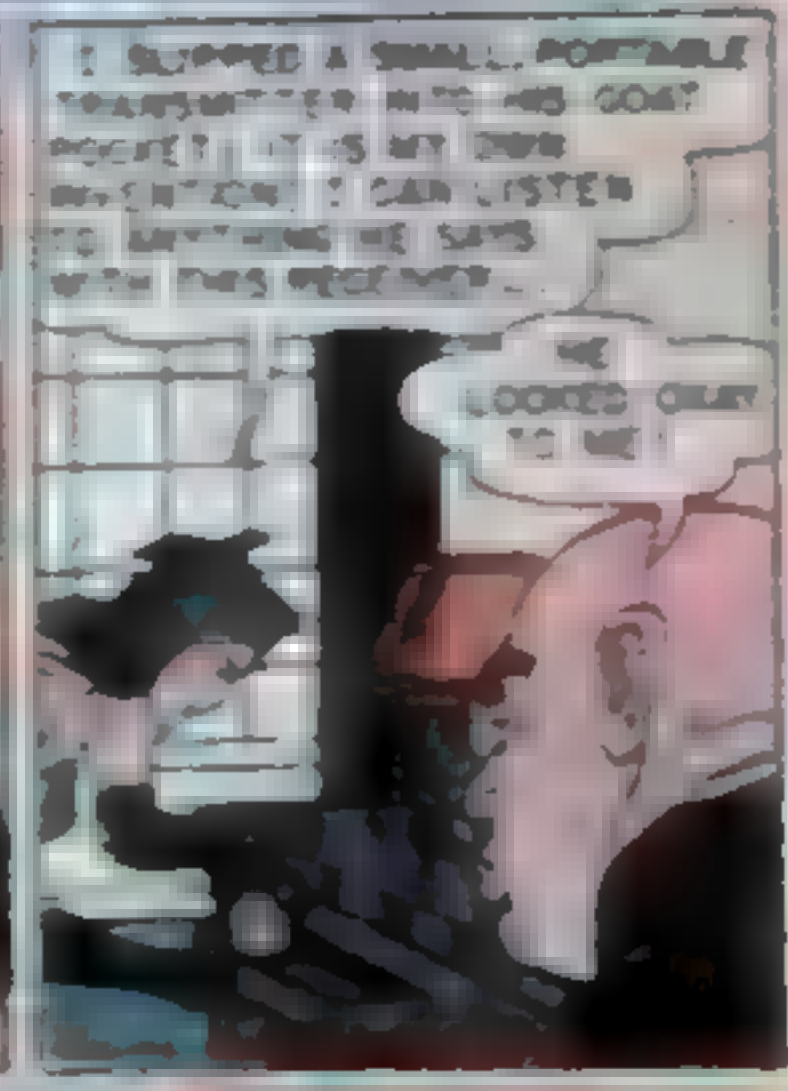


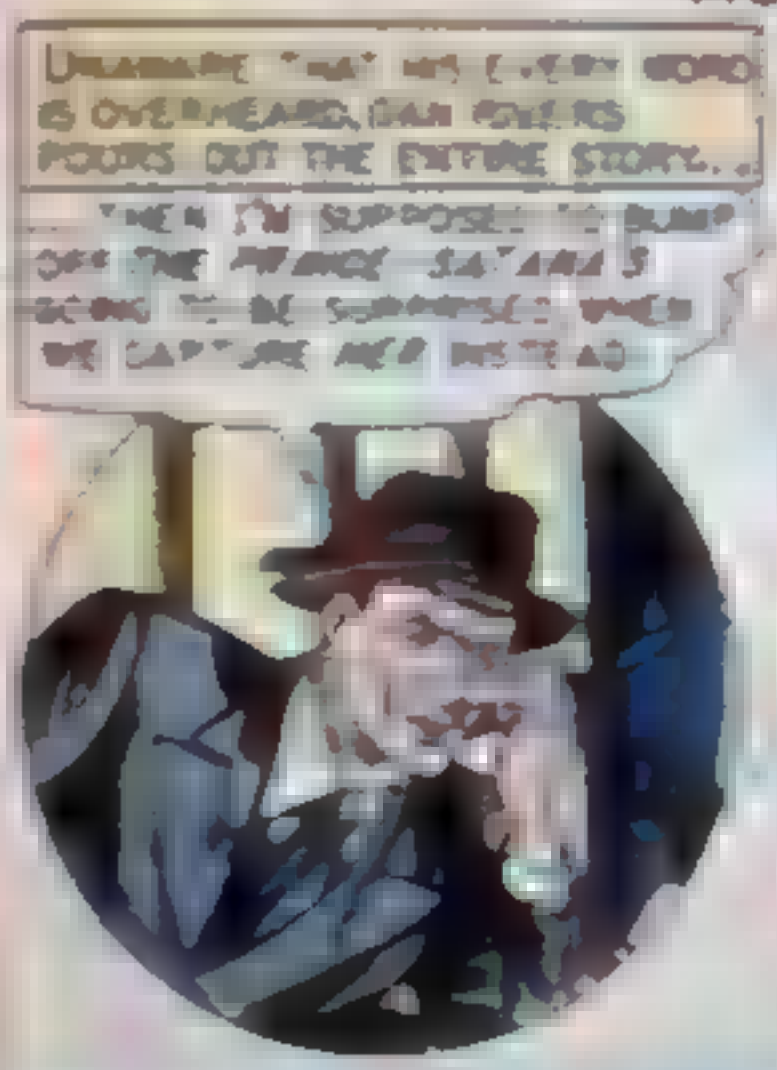


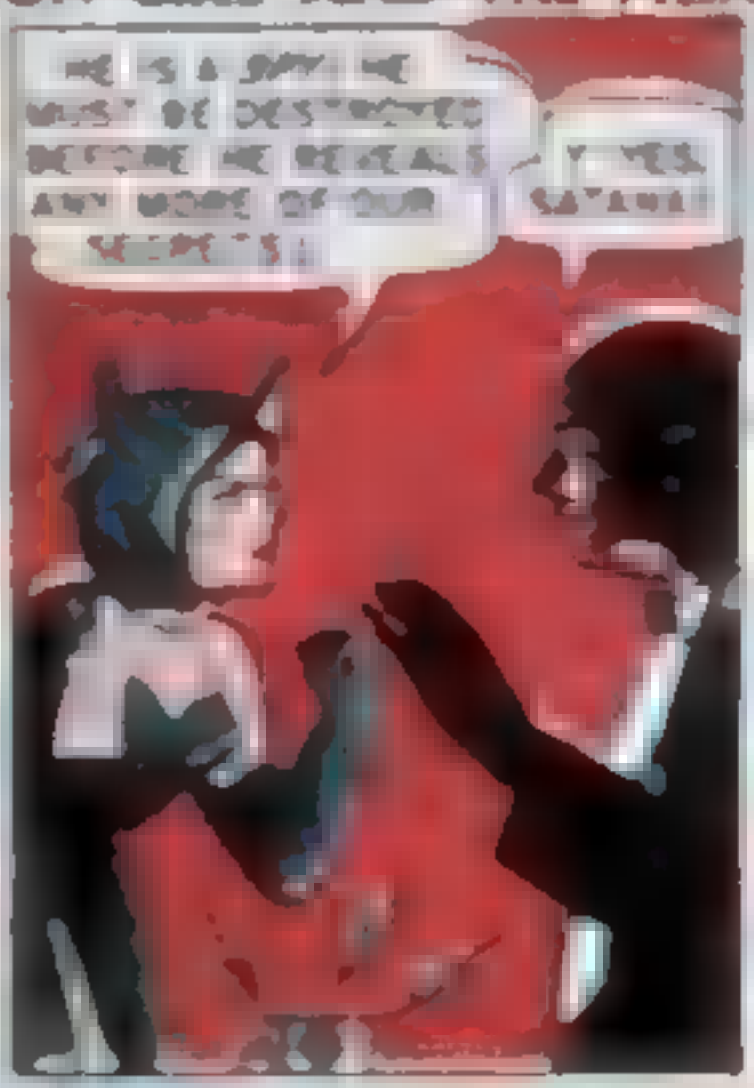
MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

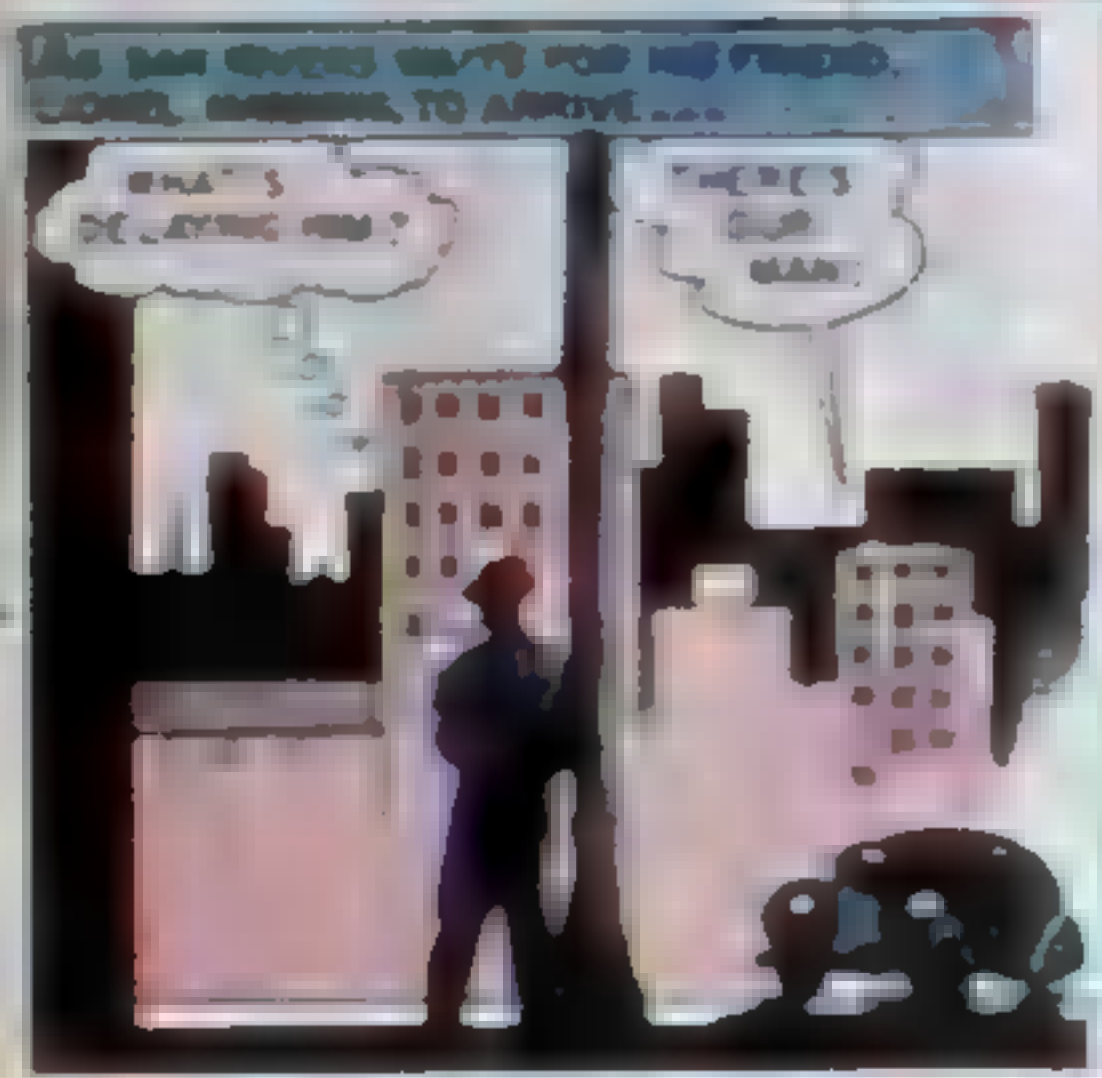




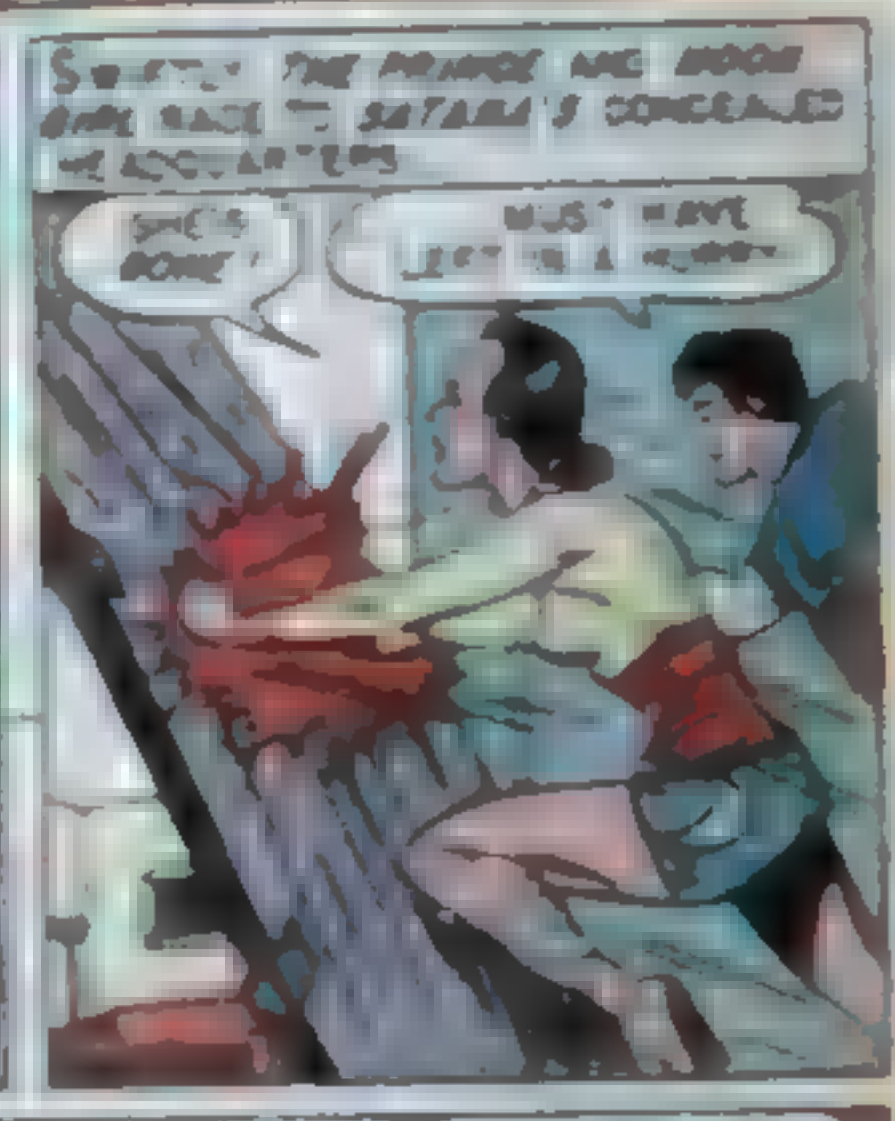
MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

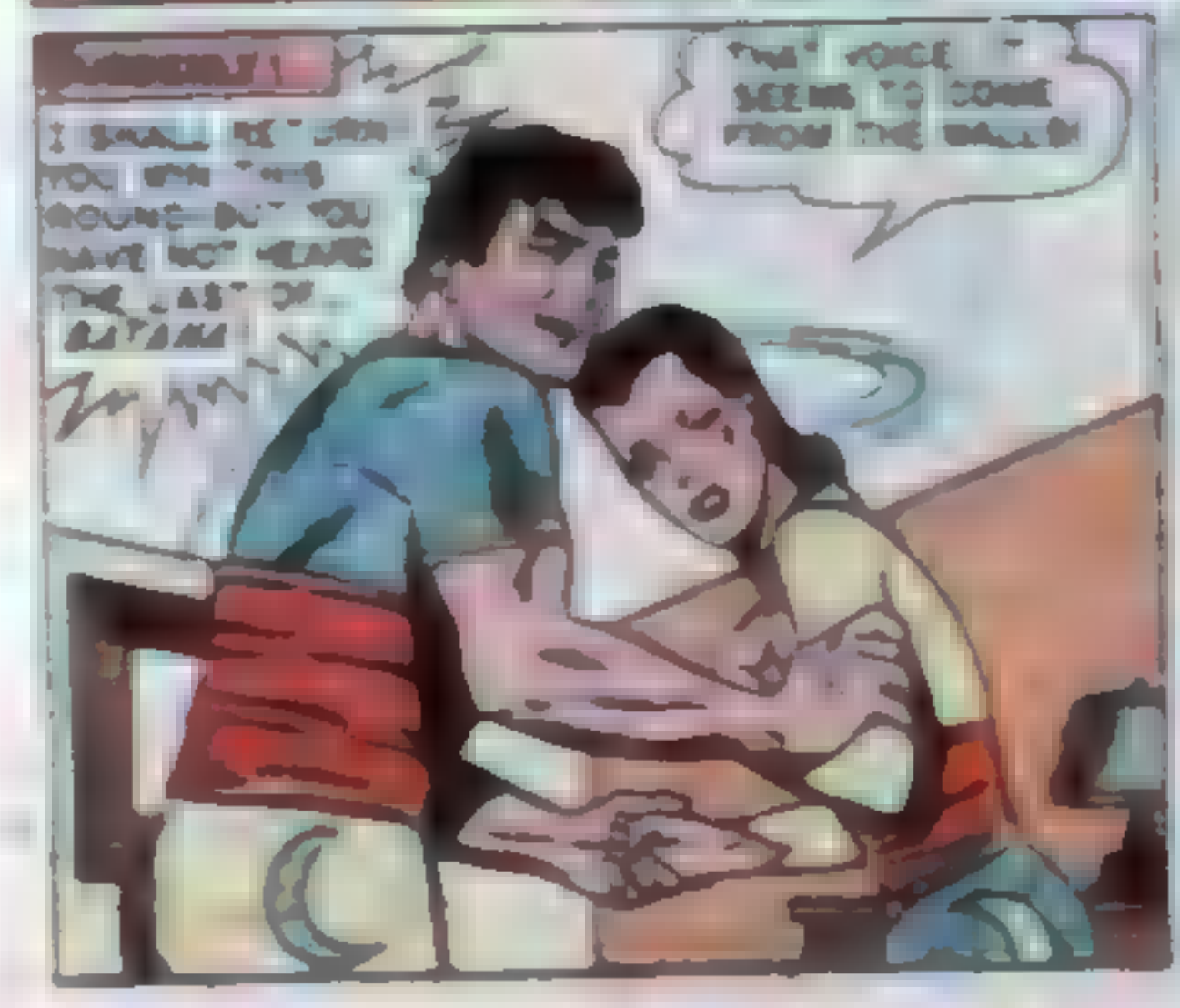




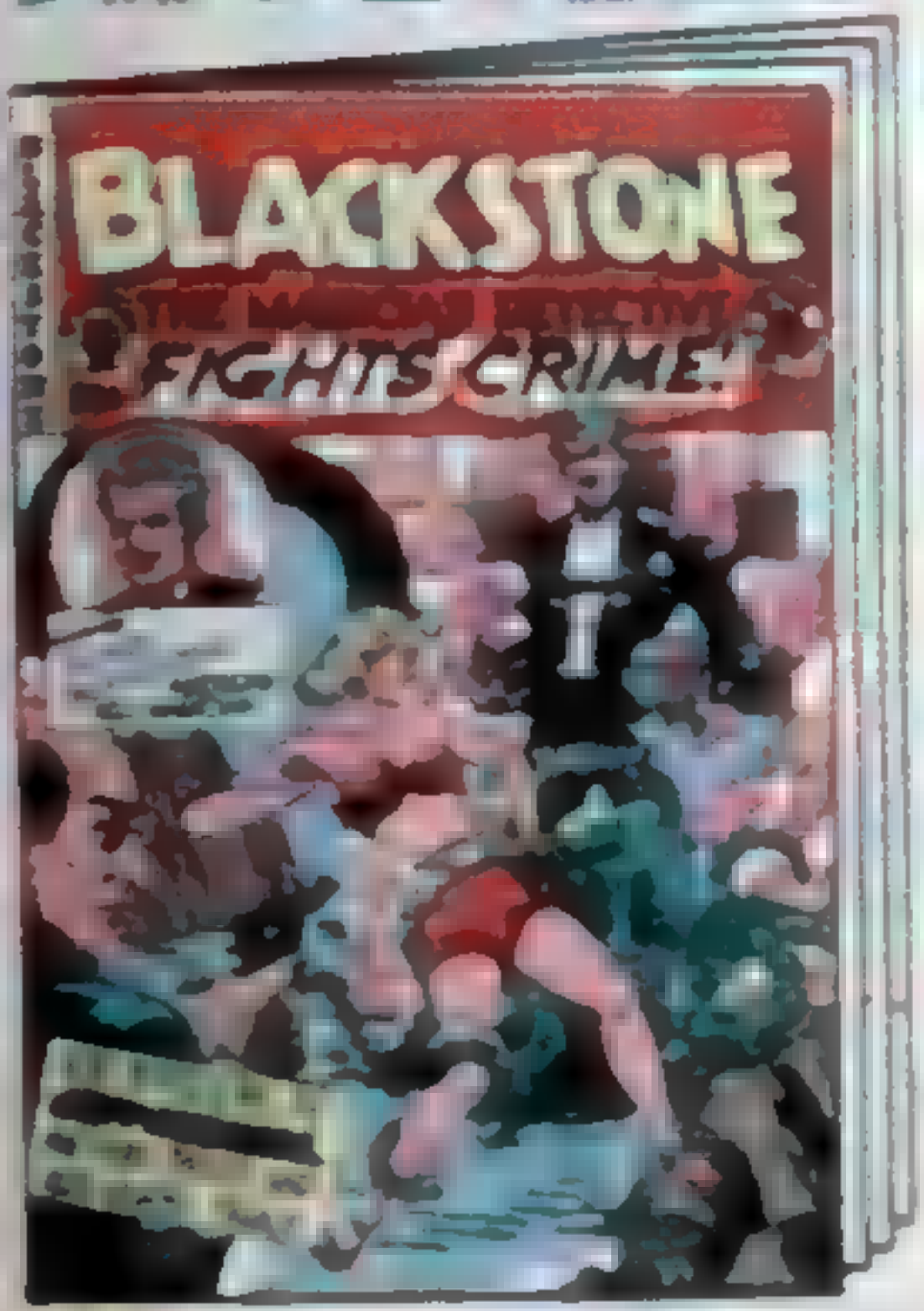


MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE





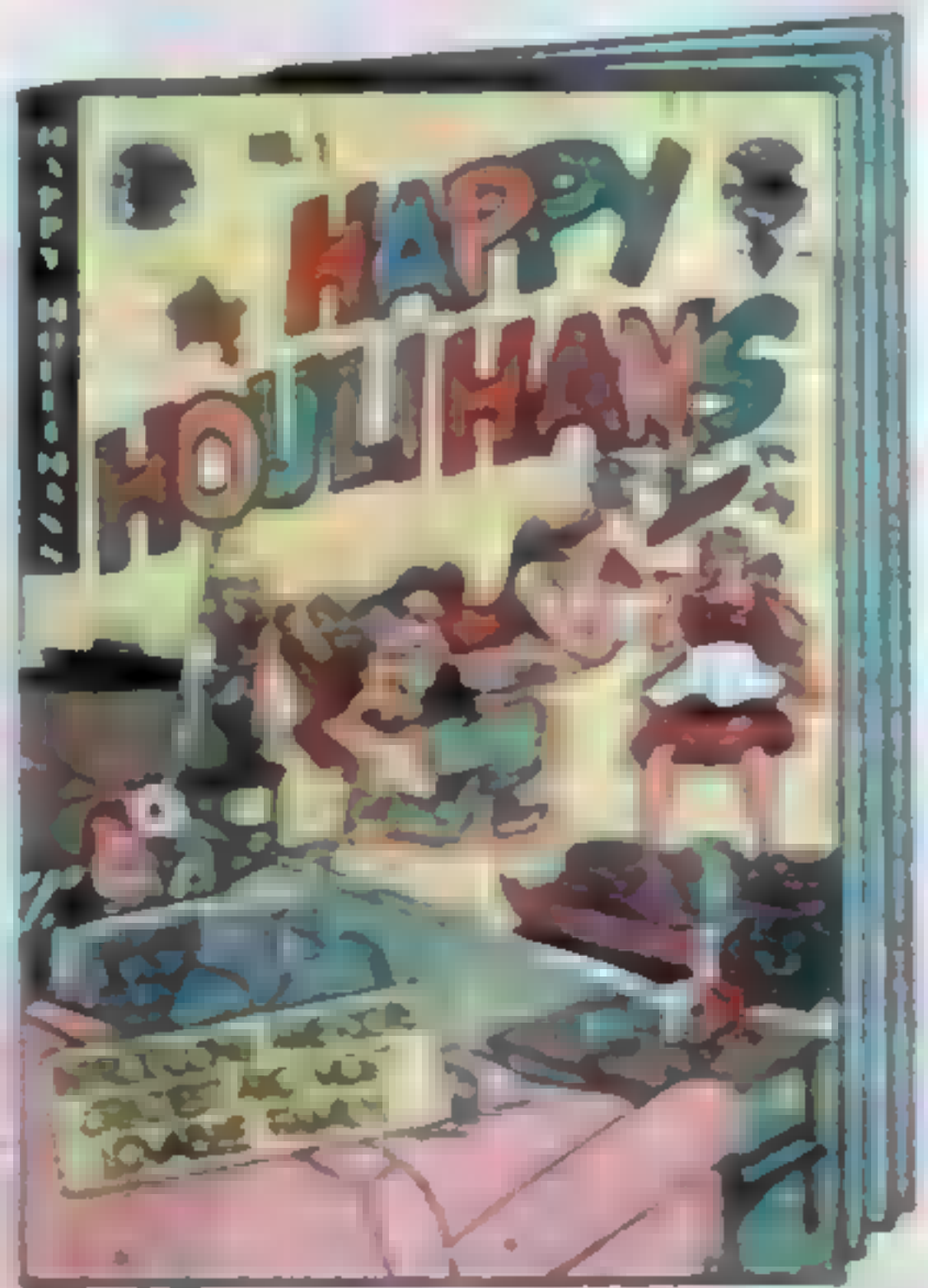
2 NEW MAGAZINES YOU'RE SURE TO FIND DIFFERENT AND EXCITING!



FOR A THRILL-A-MINUTE FOLLOW THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF

BLACKSTONE...

THE MAGICIAN DETECTIVE ...IN HIS ACTION-PACKED *FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!*



FOR THE LAUGH SENSATION OF THIS (OR *ANY*) YEAR! LOOK FOR AMERICA'S CRAZIEST AND MOST LOVABLE FAMILY...

THE HAPPY HOULIHANS!

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

THE TOOTHPICK TRAILS

THE TRAMP stood in the entrance to the dining-car, his eyes blinking in the glare of the electric lights. It was pitch-black outside and a cold wind rotted into the diner when he opened the door to squeeze himself in. Except for a couple of late customers the place was empty.

"Make up yer mind, Mac!" the woman behind the counter snapped at him. "Either come in or get out and close that door behind you!" It was late and the woman was tired and wished she could close the place for the night.

The tramp shuffled in and sat on one of the leather stools at the far end of the counter.

"I'd like something to eat . . . only I ain't got any money on me!" he mumbled.

"What ya think this is . . . some kinda charity home?" snapped the woman. But without another word she started over toward the kitchen. "Well," she said, over her shoulder, "what the boss don't know won't hurt him. Here's a plate of stew and a cup of coffee. If he finds out I'm giving this stuff away I'll get fired, so eat it in a hurry and get moving along!"

The tramp's face relaxed in a sly grin. With slopping noises he devoured the stew, and gulped the coffee. He smacked his lips in obvious appreciation. The four men and the red-haired youngster seated at the other end of the counter glanced over at him from time to time. His enthusiasm attracted the attention of everyone in the diner.

When he had finished, the tramp stood up and pulled a dirty square of a handkerchief from one of his side pockets. A flimsy green object fluttered to the counter while he was wiping his lips. Every eye in the diner was on it. It was a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL!

"Well . . . what do ya know about that!" shouted the woman behind the counter. "A mummy comes in here begging for a free meal . . . cause he ain't got anything to buy it with . . . and all the time he's got a *twenty* dollar bill stuck away somewhere!"

With her eyes ablaze she viciously snapped up the bill. Before the tramp could mutter a word she walked to the cash register and rang up forty cents.

"Here ya are, wise guy!" she hissed, handing him his change. "Nineteen dollars and sixty cents . . . and it's probably a lot more than the rest of us here have! But remember this . . . you ever show your face around here again and I'll call the cops so fast it'll make yer head swim!"

The tramp's lips trembled. He was a tall, lanky man, and his beard was black and scraggly. His eyes were deep and cavernous, and they added to his ghostlike appearance. He was bent over in a marked stoop. His fingers shook as he reached for his change.

The red-headed youngster, concentrating on his doughnut, down at the other end of the counter, wondered whether or not that stoop was the real goods or not. There was no way of being sure. This guy was a good actor . . . clever . . . you had to hand it to him if this was all an act. Just how clever he was . . . or if this was an act at all . . . Fred Hill had no way of telling, as he scratched his mop of red hair and watched the tramp with mounting interest.

"Please don't do that, lady," the tramp was saying. "Don't go and call in no Police, will you? I'll get out and won't bother you again, honest. This here money . . . it's all I got in the world. I gotta have it for a railroad ticket to my son's place in Los Angeles. It's the only place left I can go to."

He removed his grimy, shapeless old hat and bowed abeptitably in the direction of the woman, who gave him a sharp glance. She began to wipe the counter with short, angry strokes. The tramp waited for a moment for some response from her, and hastily pulled open the door, and stepped out into the black, howling night.

A MINUTE OR SO later, while Fred Hill was glancing over his newspaper he heard a cracked gasp from the other side of the counter. The countergirl leaned weakly against the drawer of the cash register. She had a bill in her hand, and was holding it up to the light to examine it closely.

"What's the trouble?" asked Fred, starting forward. "Someone try to pass a bad bill off on you?"

"That . . . that tramp!" the woman moaned. "I knew there was something phoney about him! That twenty dollar bill he passed me . . . it's no good!"

Fred's red eyebrows knitted in a frown.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

The woman was already reaching at the dial telephone on the wall. "I'm gonna call the police and make a charge against that tramp!" she shouted. "He swiped nineteen dollars and

any cents from me! I'll have to make it up from my own pocket or the cash register's going to be that much short!"

Young Fred's eyes were thoughtful. He was trying to remember something that his friend, Special Agent Mel Harris of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, had told him only the night before. Something about passing counterfeit money. Quickly Fred buttoned up his heavy overcoat and pulled his hat down to protect his ears against the cold night winds. He remembered what it was that his friend had told him.

"Good idea to call the police right away," Fred said to the woman, "but I'm afraid that you have no legal charge against him. You see . . . he didn't actually pass the money! He worked in a very clever trick . . . he dropped it, making it look accidental. And you were so happy that you grabbed the bill without bothering to look at it and gave him $13.20 in good American money. Which was exactly what he was counting on . . . the fact that you were going to lose your temper!"

"But . . . but . . ." the woman sputtered, "it was just the same as if he handed it to me!"

"Well, I hope the police are able to pick up that tramp," said Fred. "There's talk of a pretty shrewd counterfeiting outfit operating in this area the past few weeks. The fellow who was in here just now may be a lone wolf . . . or he may be one of the members of the gang!"

With these words Fred decided to follow the tramp. He might be a small-time crook . . . but then again, he might be a member of the counterfeit ring which the FBI had so far unsuccessfully battled. And any clue was worth tracking down, according to Fred's friend, Special Agent Mel Harris.

Fred slipped into the telephone booth and quickly dialed a number. Mel's voice at the other end was as calm and reassuring as ever. After Fred had recounted the episode, he gave Mel the diner's address.

"I'm going to try to trail that hobo," Fred said. "I don't know yet what this is going to lead me into . . . if anything. Follow me if you can. I'll leave a trail of toothpicks for you to spot . . . look for them!"

Little wooden toothpicks would be just the thing. They could be easily carried and spotted by a man who was looking for them with a searchlight. Mel should have no trouble in following the toothpick trail . . . no trouble in finding him. If there was anything left to find at the end of the trail. The Hot-Money-Gang had plenty of violence to its credit already!

He scooped up a handful of little wooden toothpicks and stuffed them into his overcoat pocket. He laid the money for his check on the counter and closed the door of the diner behind him. It was considerably colder now than it had been, and the wind was roaring with its crazed ferocity. Fred had to lean into it, in order to maintain his balance, as he started down the deserted road. A thin, stooped figure was barely visible several hundred feet in front of him. Fred quickened his steps so that he would not lose the man in the darkness. As he walked along he became aware that the hobo had glanced back several times, as he quietly stepped off the road. The moaning of the wind covered the crackling sounds he made as he followed the road by darting from tree to tree. And every few steps that he took Fred moved a thin wooden toothpick onto the road so that his friend Mel could follow him.

SUDDENLY, HE HEARD voices ahead of him in the darkness. He recognized the high shrill voice of the tramp from the dining car. He moved in a little closer. A car was parked in a narrow clearing, and four men were sitting inside the car, speaking to the thin tramp.

"It worked without a hitch!" the hobo was saying. "Unloaded a twenty!"

"Great!" a second voice cut in. "Bill and me each got rid of some stuff, and Wes unloaded a fifty! We're on top of the world now, after working the hicks in this town for a couple weeks! About time, though, that we moved off, before the coppers begin to catch wise. Tomorrow morning we'll . . . wait! What was that?"

The sound of a twig cracking as the author breath had made a noise like a pistol-shot! Fred crouched breathlessly and waited. In his anxiety to edge closer to the car, he had stepped on some brittle branches.

The car door swung open, and Fred could hear the furious sound of running feet. Flashlights swung furiously over the entire area, just inches away from the spot in which he crouched. He could see the glint of [illegible]

"I saw him!" a deep voice rang out. "He's over there . . . in those bushes!"

"Let 'im have it!" the shrill voice of the hobo cried out.

At the grim words that spoiled his dream, Fred felt a chill run down his spine. What would Mel find at the end of the toothpick trail?

WILL FRED ESCAPE FROM THE COUNTERFEIT CROOKS? READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF *MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE!*

MOON GIRL

THIS STORY BEGINS ONE AFTERNOON WITH THE ARCING FLIGHT OF A DEPTH BOMB CATAPULTED FROM A POWERFUL MOTORBOAT AND THE GURGLING SPLASH THE TOY GAN MAKES AS IT HITS THE WATER IT BEGINS WITH AN EMPTY GLASS WINDOW AT

SMUGGLER'S COVE!

AND HERE, LEFT FROM THE FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCE IS WHERE THE STORY OF THE BOY MARINE SPIES HAS BEGUN

WHOM!

BUT, AT THE RUSTLEY ARBOR HIGH WHERE DIANE LUNE ALIAS MOON GIRL IS A TEACHER

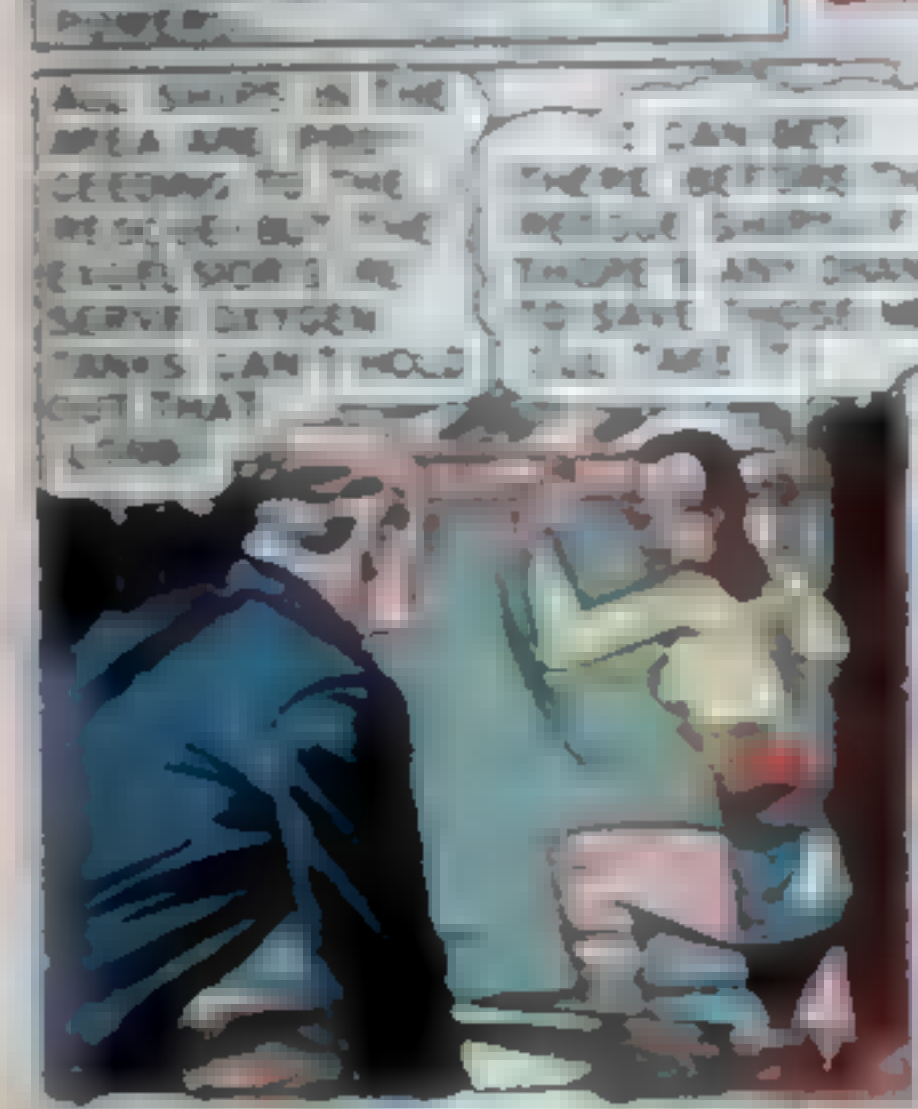
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GIRL MAE? CAN I HELP?

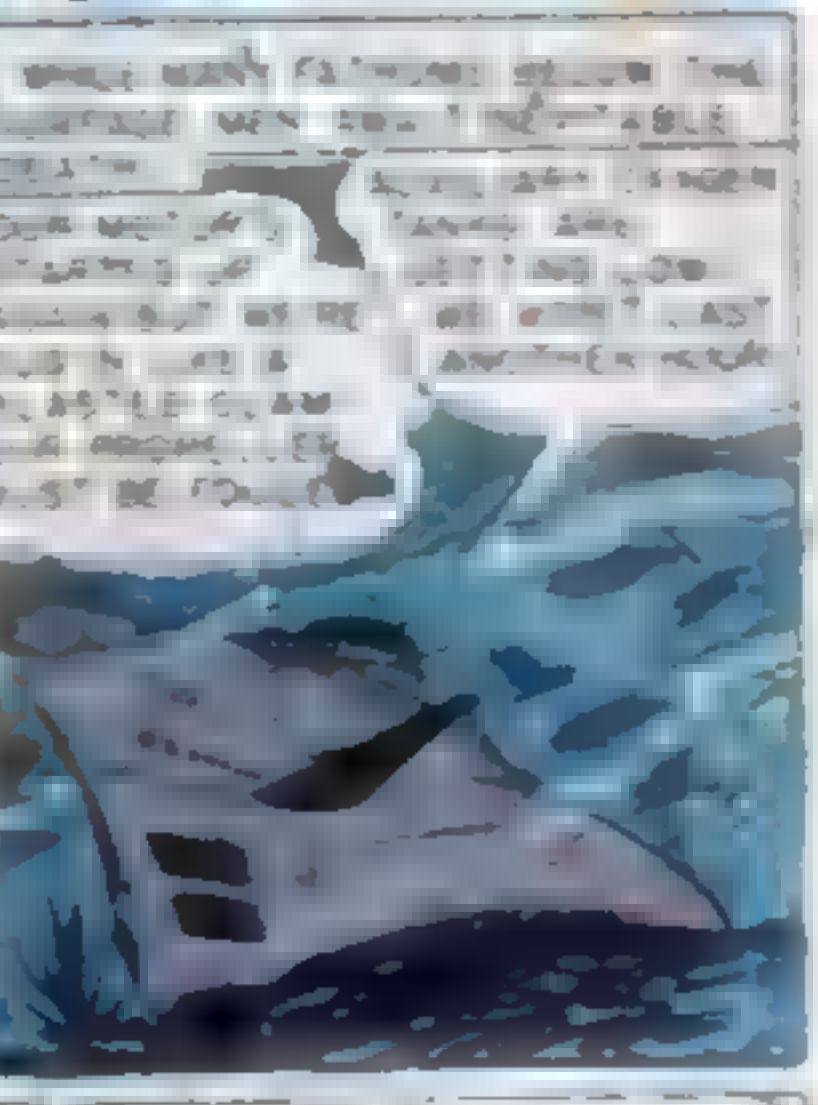
NO ONE CAN HELP ME. I'M SO LONE

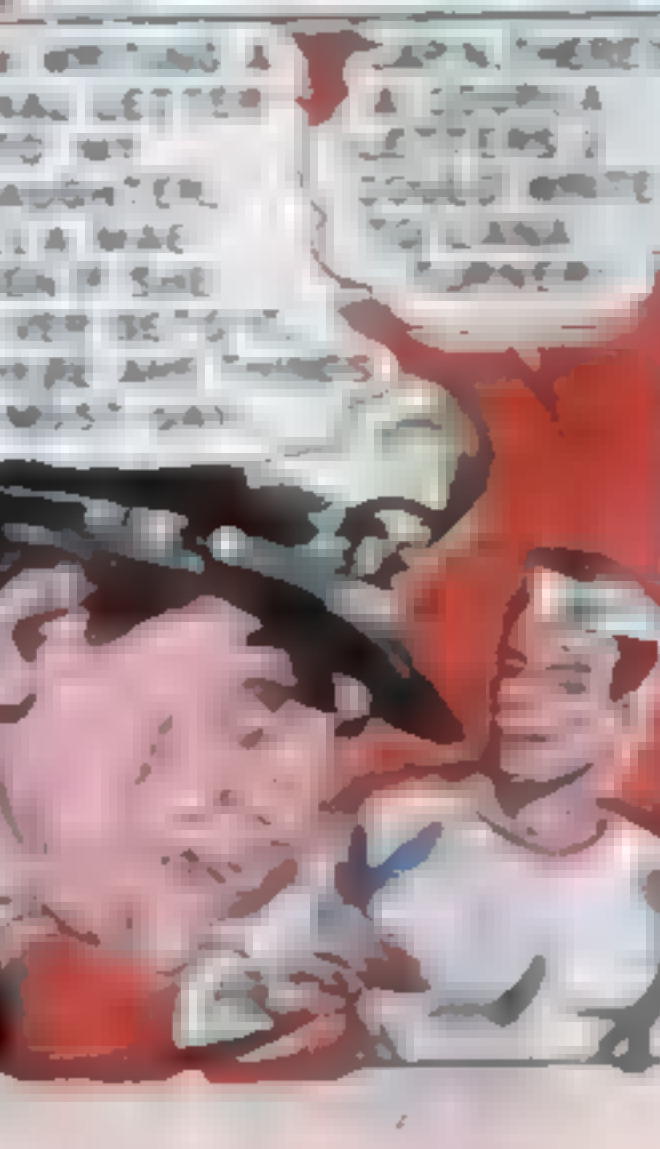
THAT'S MY FATHER'S CAPTAIN OF THE SUBMARINE. DON'T STOP ME JUST THE APE THAT'S BEEN MISSING FROM A SMUGGLING MISSION

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, MY DEAR SIR

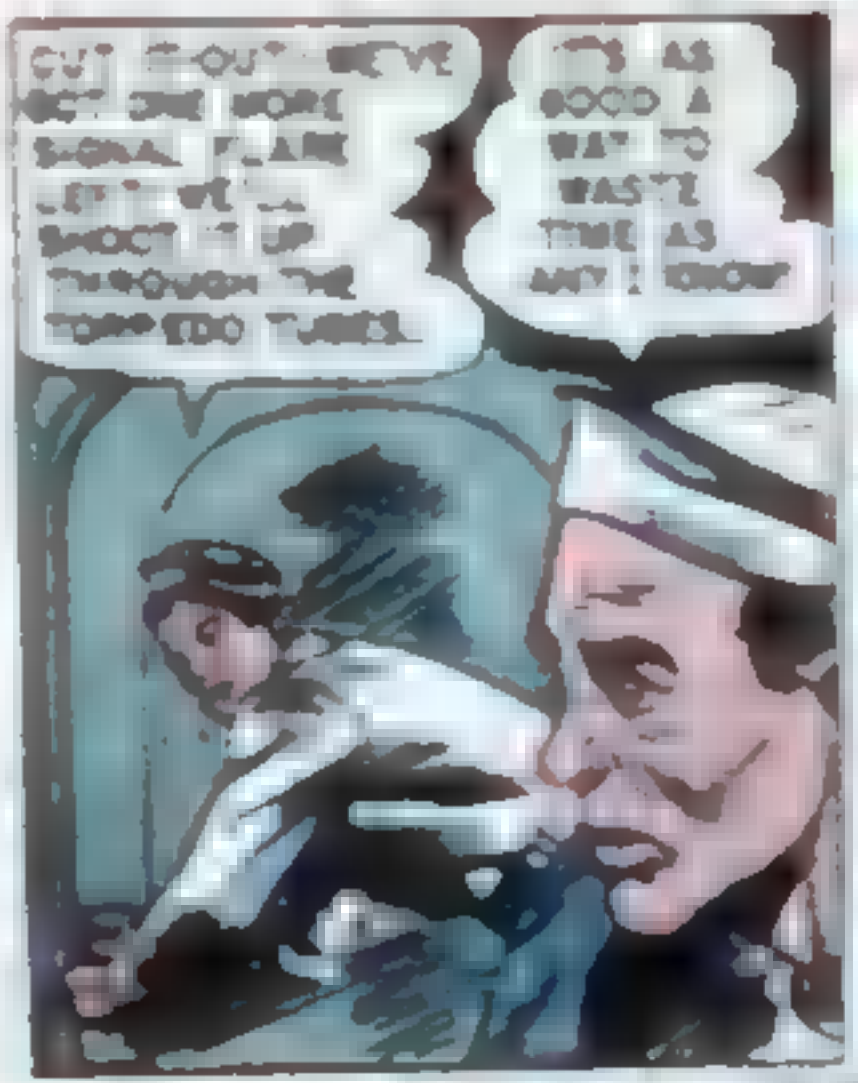
MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

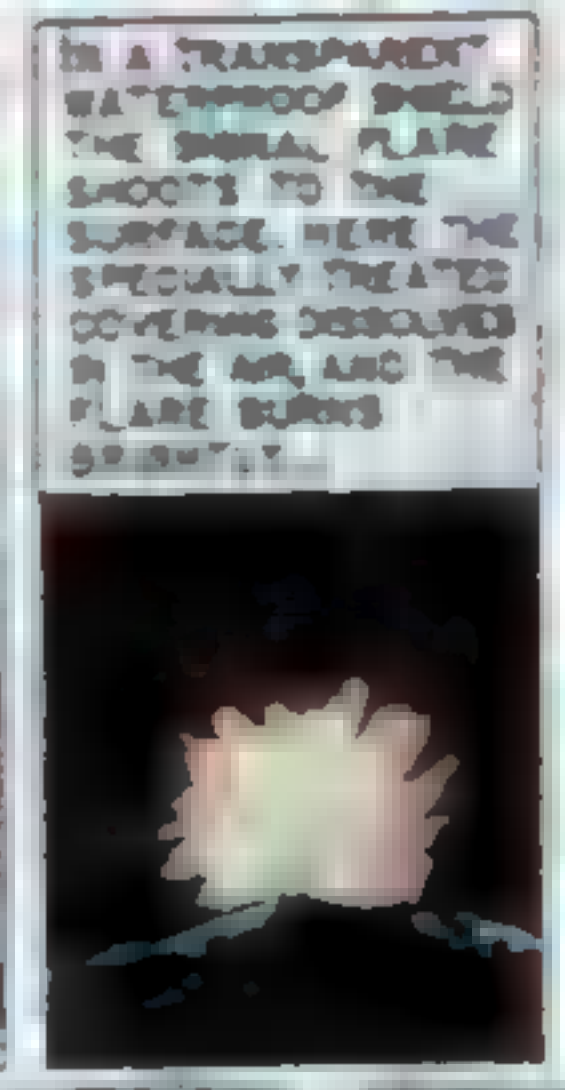


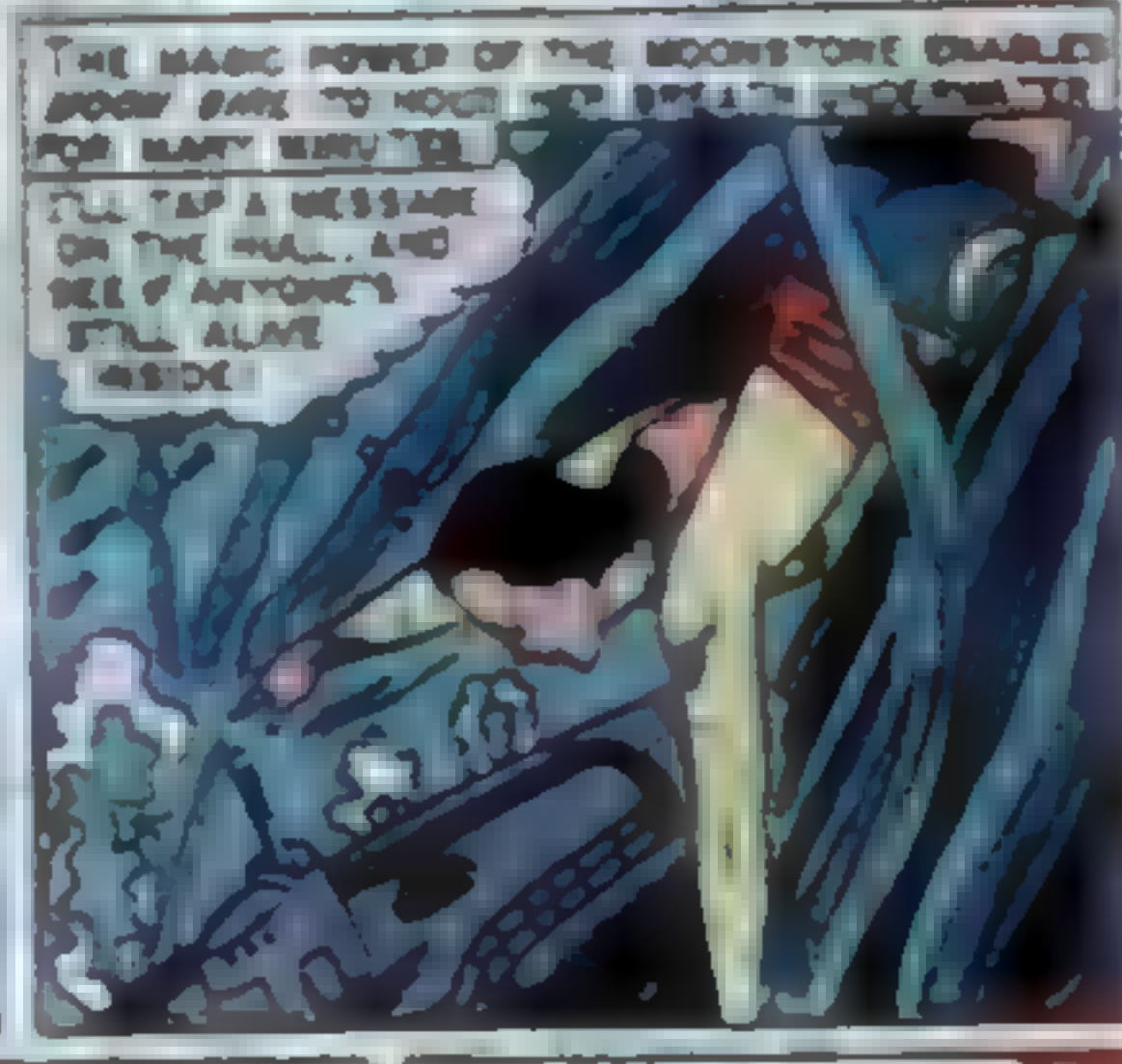




MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE

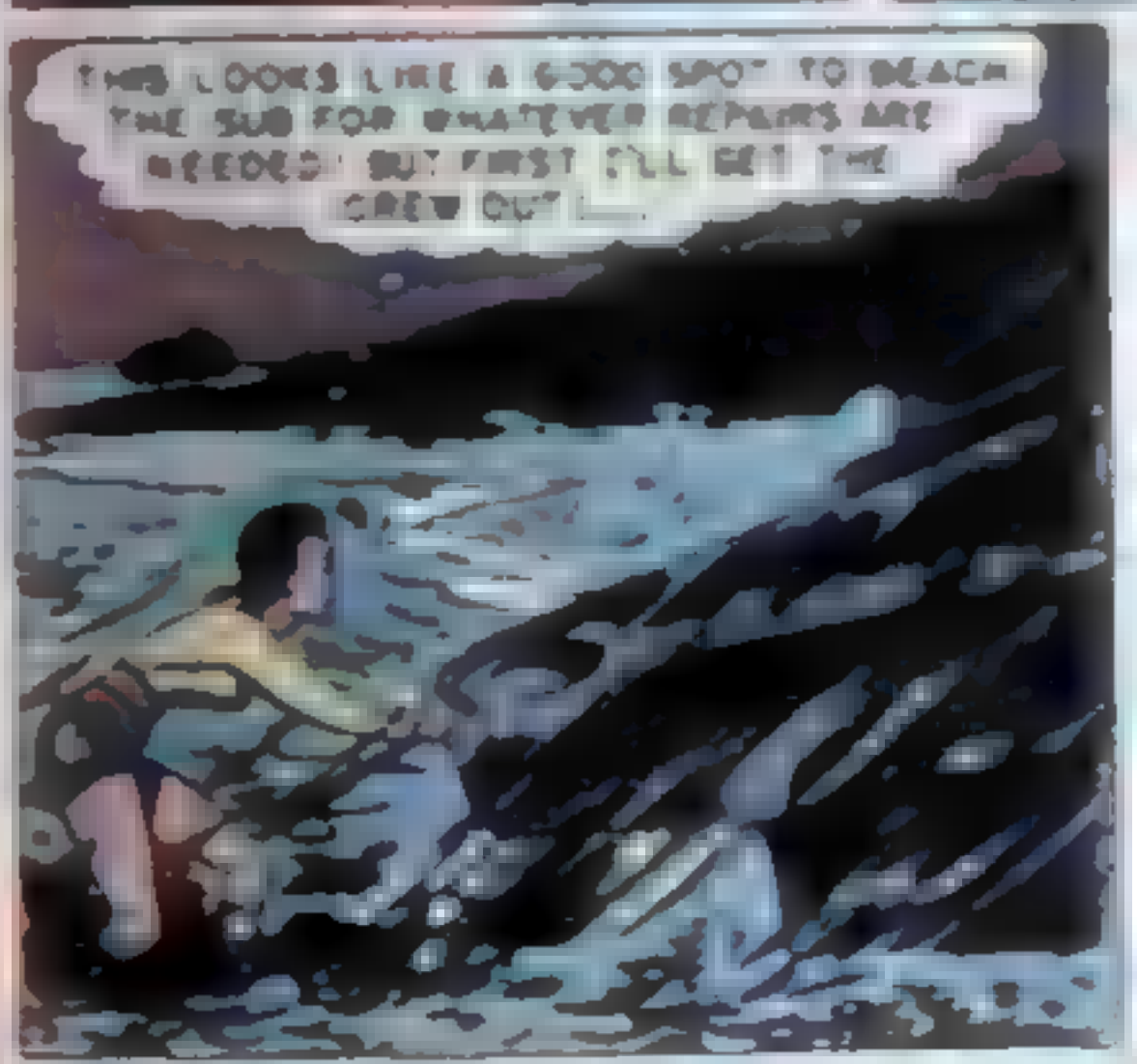


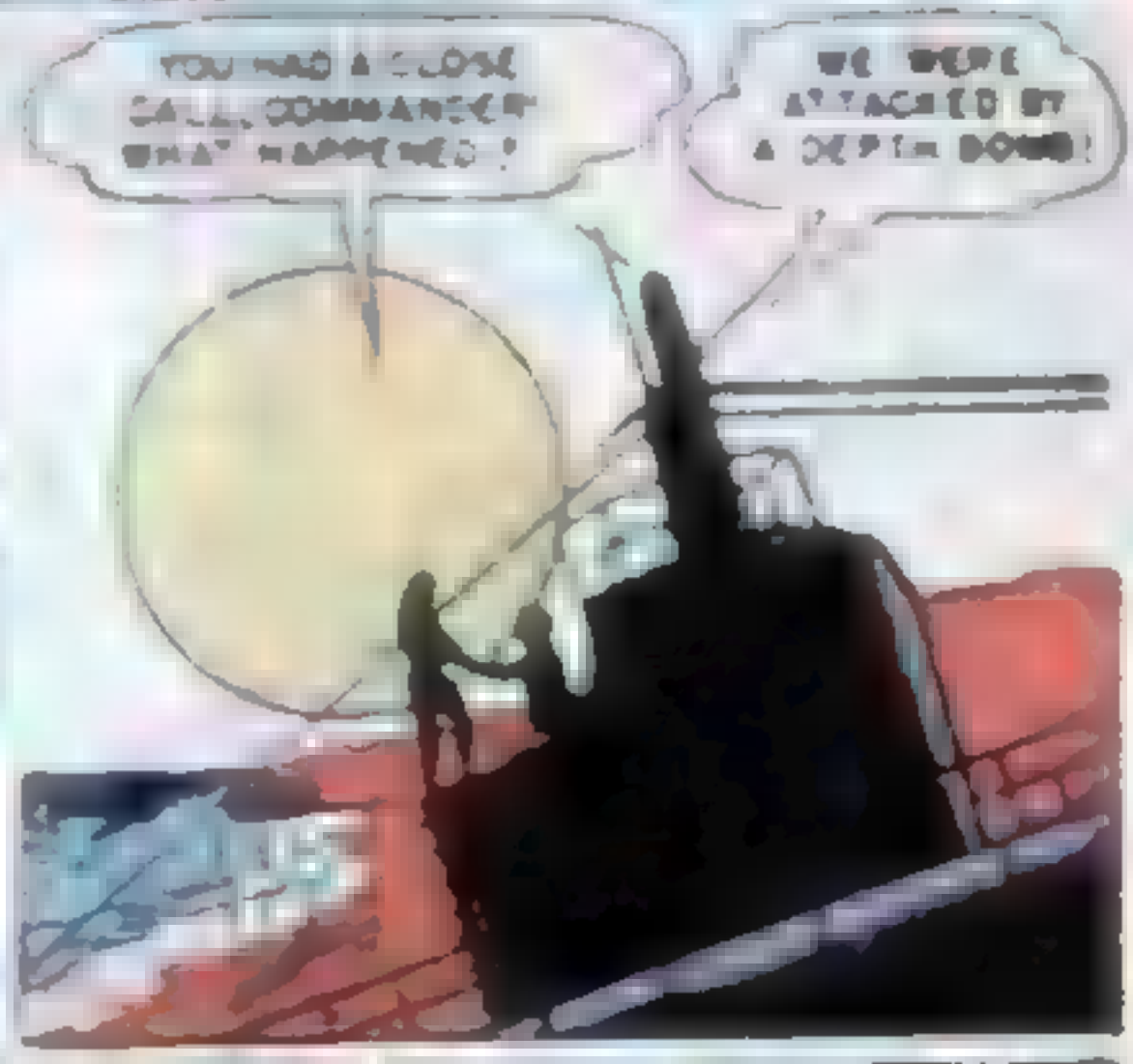


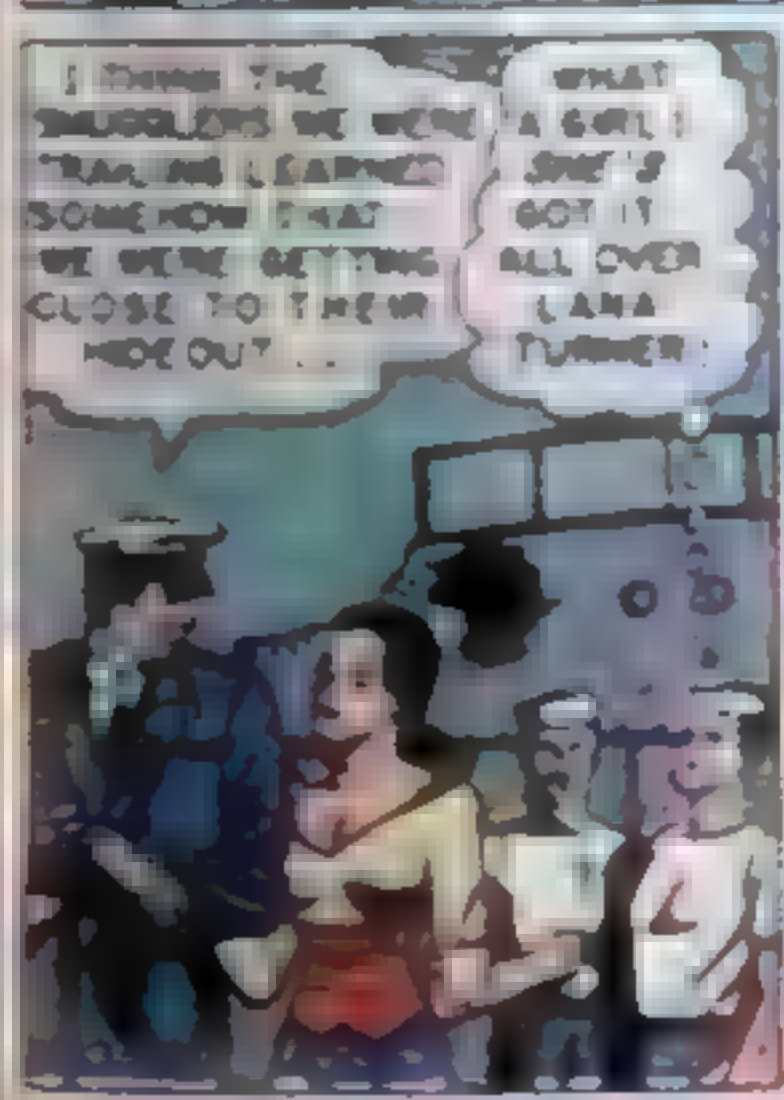


I'LL NEED ALL MY POWER TO BEAM SHAP'S HIS CABLE WHICH IS PULLING THE MOON'S EYES — AND THAT'S BAD!
SHAP

HERE WE GO!
IT'S A MIRACLE! MOON GIRL DID IT! OUR PROPELLER! WE'RE REALLY MOVING!


THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT TO BEACH THE SUB FOR WHATEVER REPAIRS ARE NEEDED! BUT FIRST I'LL GET THE CREW OUT!

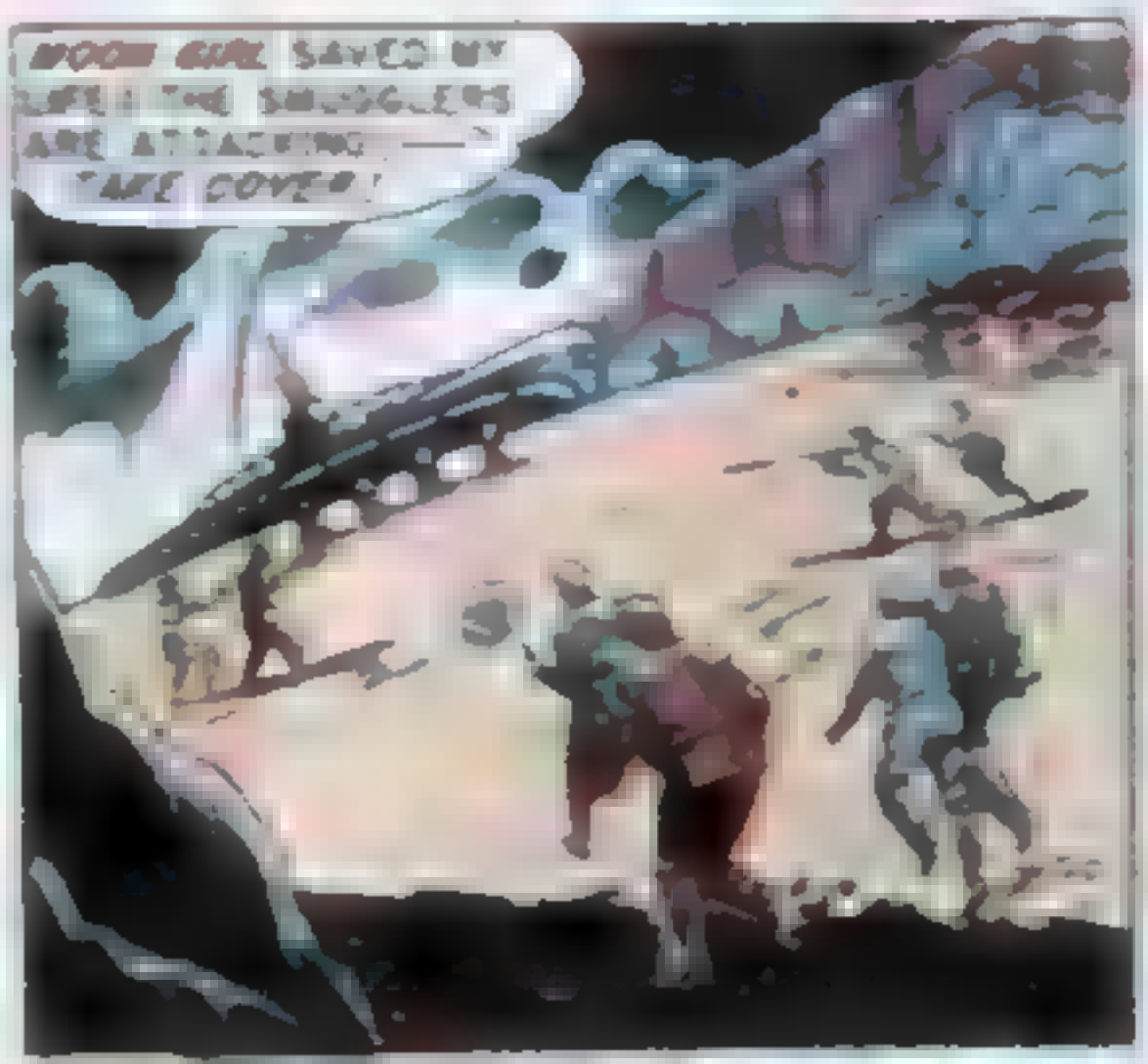

YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL, COMMANDER! WHAT HAPPENED?
WE WERE ATTACKED BY A DEPTH BOMB!

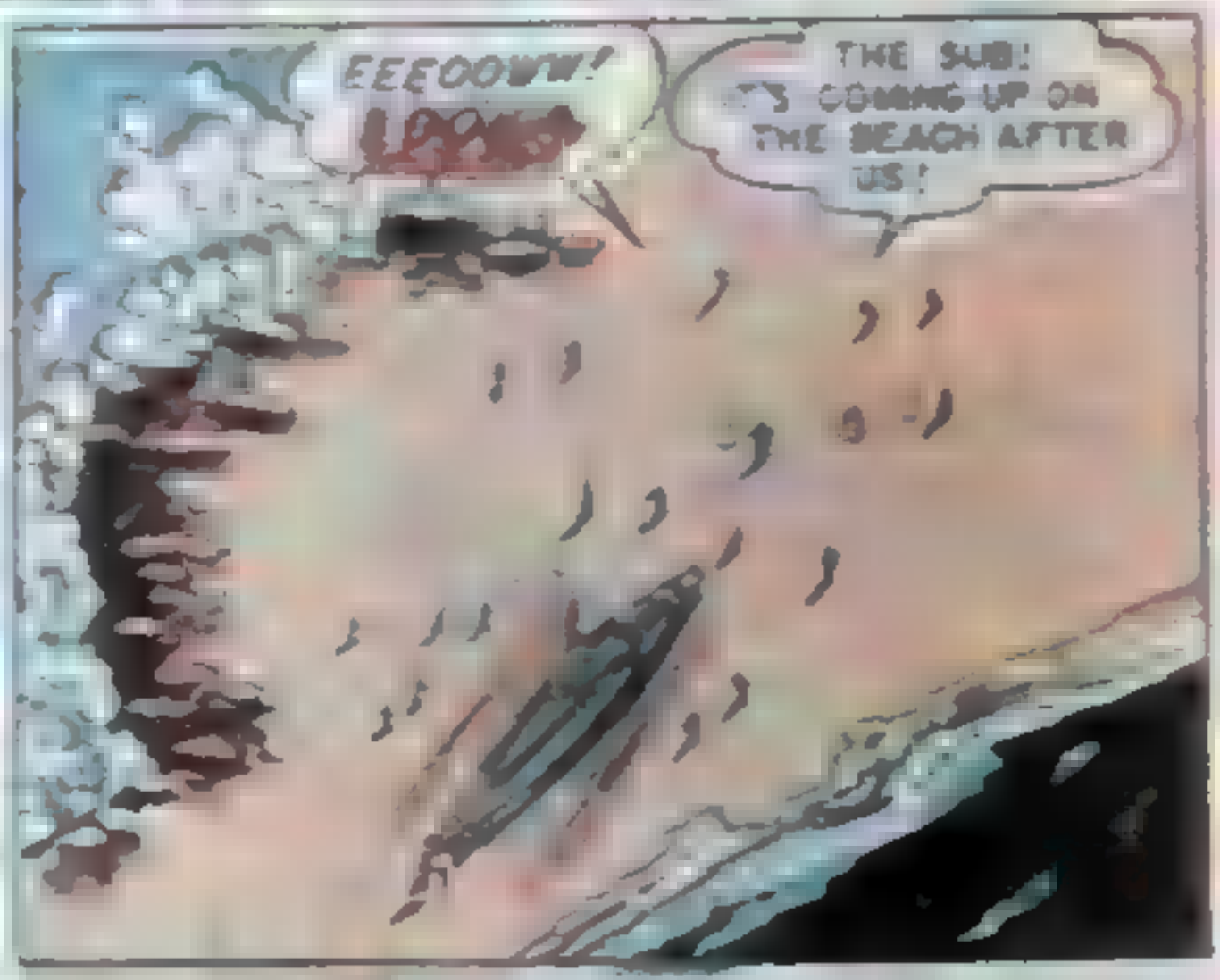

I THINK THE SMUGGLERS WE'VE BEEN TRAILING LEARNED SOMEHOW THAT WE'VE GETTING CLOSE TO THEIR HIDEOUT...
WHAT A GIRL! SHE'S GOT IT ALL OVER LANA TURNER!

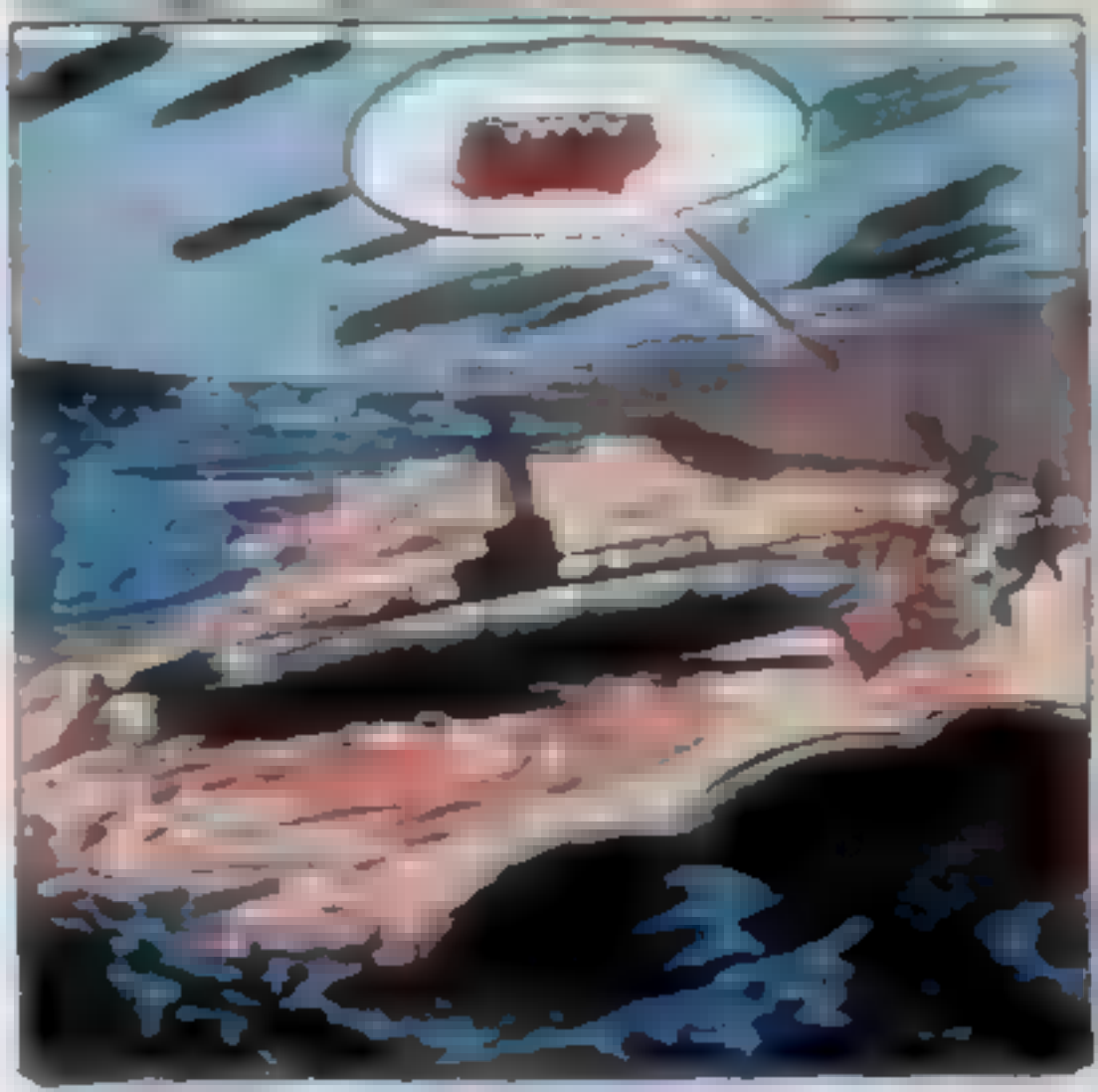
THIS MAY BE THE SMUGGLERS' BASE! I BELIEVE YOU ARE RIGHT!

IN FACT, I THINK YOU ARE! LOOK OUT!

MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE







I CAN PRACTICALLY GUARANTEE YOU'RE *NOT* GOING ANYWHERE!

JUST LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH!
ENOUGH! WE SURRENDER!

LATER, WHEN THE GANG OF SMUGGLERS HAS BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE...
THERE'S THE HIDEOUT! ENOUGH CONTRABAND STORED HERE TO FILL A DOZEN WAREHOUSES!

BUT IT'LL NEVER GET INTO OUR COUNTRY NOW! THANKS TO YOU, *MOON GIRL!*
I ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE OF IT, COMMANDER! AND UNLOAD MY REGARDS TO YOUR DAUGHTER TOO, WILL YOU?

SAY... I WONDER HOW *MOON GIRL* KNOWS I HAVE A DAUGHTER?
THAT GAL KNOWS EVERYTHING! BOY... WHAT I'D GIVE TO COME HOME TO A WIFE LIKE *HER!*

NEXT DAY, IN THE RAWLEY JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL...
...AND MY FATHER SAYS *MOON GIRL* IS ENTITLED TO A BIG REWARD! ONLY NOBODY KNOWS WHERE TO FIND HER!
THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT KINDS OF REWARDS, ELLA MAE!

I'VE *GOT* THE REWARD I WANT! JUST SEEING HAPPINESS SHINING AGAIN FROM THAT GIRL'S FACE!

ANOTHER THRILLING AND EXCITING ADVENTURE OF...

MOON GIRL

and The Prince

APPEARS IN INTERNATIONAL COMICS... TOGETHER WITH THE AMAZING NEW *INTERNATIONAL* **CRIME** PATROL!

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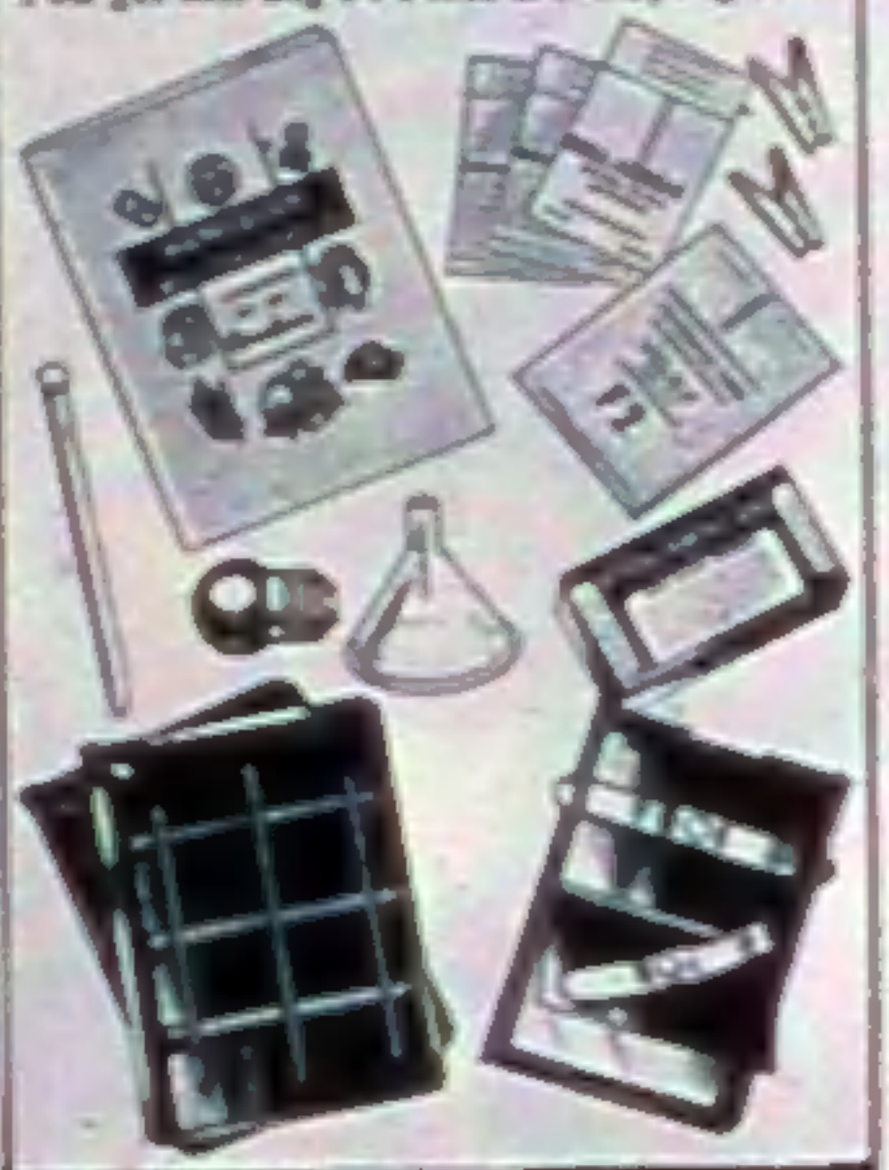

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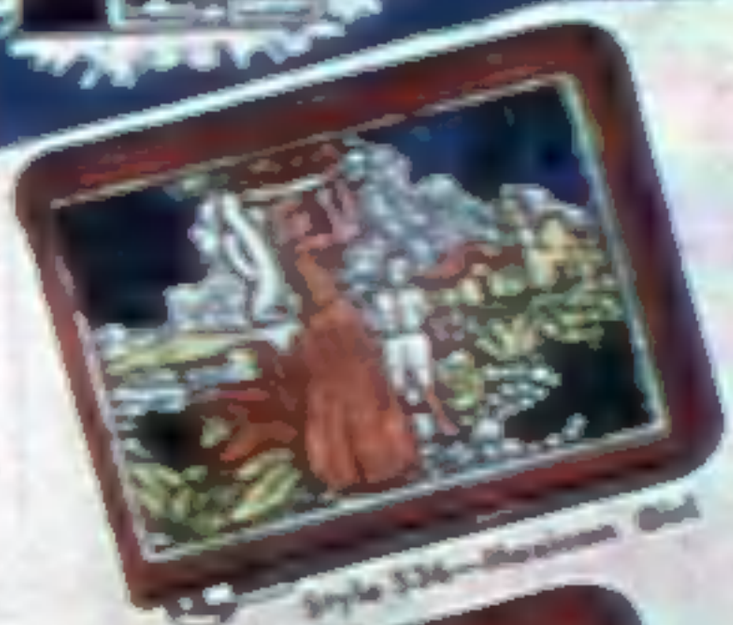

Style 334—Western Girl

Style 337—Western Cowboy

Style 333—U. S. Map

Style 345—Sporting Scene

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Gentlemen: Rush me the Zipper Billfold selected above. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus tax, on arrival, plus a few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. If not satisfied, I may return the billfold within ten days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION: No._____ (Give style number and colors)

If more than one billfold is being ordered, state how many here:_____

MY NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ STATE_____